THE

AMARANTH;

OR,

TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE.

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFT

FOR

MDCCCL.

NEW-YORK:
GATES, STEDMAN AND COMPANY,
No. 116 Nassau Street.
1850.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This volume of the Amaranth constitutes the fourth one of the series, under this general title; the statement of which fact, it is believed, is all that is necessary to be said in regard to its standard character as a gift-book.

In the volume last preceding, the proprietors made strong promises for the character of this; all of which, they believe, they have fully met, as they have had substantially the same literary and artistic aid in this, as in the previous volumes of the series.

They would only add, that in the year that is before them, they will make early exertions for the issue of a worthy successor of this.

Boston, August, 1849.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE AMARANTH.

TO KATE.

BY E. P.

WHERE my bark I used to steer,
  At the close of summer's day,
Does again the golden Year
  Shed radiance o'er our fairy bay?

Yes! I see the weeping willows;
  Yes! I hear the zephyr's sigh;
Again I watch the sunny billows
  Dance to summer's melody.

Bending o'er the glassy river,
  Then again thy form I see:
Youth's gay scenes are bright as ever;
  Life as it was wont to be.

Time has turned his volume over,
  And found many a gloomy text:
Fortune quarrelled with thy lover;
  Friends deserted; foes perplexed.

Sailing in pursuit of pleasure,
  Erst I let content depart:
Now, I've found a priceless treasure
  In thy fond and faithful heart.

THE REBEL OF THE CEVENNES.

BY S. G. G.

It was in the year 1703, while Louis the Fourteenth was engaged in hostilities with foreign powers, that a domestic war of singular character was baffling the skill of one of his bravest generals in the south of France. The persecuted Huguenots had been scattered abroad, carrying with them to other climes their indomitable valor and all-enduring faith, — and much, too, that France might have been glad to retain, for the sake of her own best interests, — their industrious habits, their skill in useful arts, and their correct morals. A few of their expelled clergy had had the courage to return; but, deprived of the wisest and best of the Protestant party, the untutored mountaineers of the Cevennes had become the prey of designing or deluded fanatics. A strange madness had broken out among them; prophets and prophetesses had appeared, and the people listened to the voices of women and children, as to oracles. When the arm of military discipline was raised to lash or crush them into submission, the un-

daunted spirit of mountain liberty blazed up; and heroes sprang forth from the fastnesses of the Cevennes and the Vivarez to defy the power of their sovereign. It was a fierce and protracted contest; and, at the time when our tale opens, the Sieur de Montrevel, an officer of high repute, had been sent against the rebels. The severity with which he treated those who fell into his hands, struck no terror into the survivors: they seized every opportunity of making stern reprisals; and, as he advanced farther into the heart of their territory, carrying devastation among their humble cottages, and the fields which they had almost created on the bare rocks, they fought him at every pass with frenzied courage.

He arrived one sunny morning at a defile, which led down into a green valley, whose peaceful hamlet was to be reduced to ashes. Not a human being appeared along the gray cliffs above, not a living thing stirred in the silent village; a few smokes rose from the cottages, but no children sported on the green, no old men sat before their doors, no dogs barked at the stranger's approach. On marched the well-trained soldiers into the scene of their work; and, in a few minutes, brands, snatched from the lately deserted hearths, kindled a crackling conflagration; the red flames and

black smoke rushed up, and the soldiers, again forming into ranks on a green slope where the rising breeze drove the smoke from them, sent forth a shout of triumph to the surrounding rocks. The rocks echoed it back again and again, and, as the last reverberation died away among the hills, another and yet wilder sound answered it from the depths of their forests. A yell of mingled voices arose from unseen spectators, which might have thrilled stouter hearts than those of the armed myrmidons of power. The march was again resumed; there appeared to be no farther passage through the everlasting barrier that rose beyond the village, and the Sieur de Montrevel led his men back through the defile he had descended so quietly an hour before. But at a sudden turn in the road, his quick eye discerned the figures of several mountaineers, vanishing behind the trees and rocks; and he halted, that his men, already panting from the fatigue of climbing the steep, might take breath before encountering the next and still more precipitous ascent. It was a sudden and fortunate pause; the next minute a fearful sound was heard breaking the solemn stillness; his men's eyes turned wildly in every direction, not knowing at first whence it proceeded; but presently a tremendous rock came thundering and crashing down the precipice on

their right, bearing earth, stones, and trees before it; and dashing into the centre of the road, with a weight and fury which would have crushed to the dust the leader and front rank of the party, had they not halted at the moment they did. Disappointed in their purpose, the peasants now appeared armed with rude weapons of every description, and fast and heavy came down showers of stones upon the soldiers, as they obeyed their commander, and hastened to scramble over the fallen rocks and rubbish. Not a shot was fired till Montrevel espied two figures, which might well arrest his attention, even in such a moment as this. On a cliff which overlooked the scene, and from whose ragged side it was plain that the rock had been hurled, knelt a female in an attitude of earnest and almost frantic supplication; her bare arms thrown wildly up, — her hands clasped, — her hair and scarlet drapery streaming on the wind, — her eyes fixed on the blue sky. She was apparently heedless of the confusion below; and, above all the din, her shrill but unintelligible accents could be plainly distinguished. By her side stood a slight but graceful young man leaning with perfect composure on his hunting-spear, and occasionally giving directions with his voice and gestures to his rude followers. He was clad, like many of them, in a white tunic; but a single eagle-feather in his

cap marked him as the youthful leader of the Camisards, the celebrated Cavalier. No sooner did Montrevel behold this apparition, than a cry burst from his lips: — "They are there! to the chase! to the chase!" and in a moment the soldiers were climbing the rough sides of the pass, driving the peasants before them in the sudden onset, firing and reloading continually. The prophetess, — La Grande Marie, as she was termed, — was dimly seen through the smoke still on her knees and immovable, while the sounds of the musket-shots came nearer and nearer. Cavalier, confident that more than earthly power would defend the being he thought supernaturally gifted, had rushed to direct the operations of his scattered followers. To his amazement, however, she remained in her ecstatic trance, till a ball whizzed by her; and then, rising slowly, she looked around with an eye from which gleamed the light of insanity. It seemed as if a consciousness of her danger then crossed her mind, for she glanced with some eagerness to the right and left, as if examining her means of escape; and, as two French soldiers sprang upon the ledge she occupied, she made an effort to throw herself down to a yet more narrow and hazardous spot. But their motions were too quick for the poor lunatic; and, as the infatuated peasantry

saw their prophetess rudely seized, her powerless hands bound with leathern belts, while her head sunk despairingly on her breast, they again sent forth a howl, which startled the wolves in their dens. It was in vain that Cavalier now strove to rally the undisciplined insurgents; astounded, panic-stricken, at an event so unexpected as the capture of La Grande Marie, they lifted not a hand against the triumphant soldiery, but hovered along the precipices above the road and gazed in stupid amazement at their progress. When Cavalier reminded them that she had the power to save herself yet from the hands of the destroyer, and would undoubtedly put it forth in some unlooked-for miracle, a gleam of hope brightened their rugged faces; but they only watched the more intently for the anticipated exhibition of superhuman power. Montrevel and his party at length disengaged themselves in safety from the passes where alone their enemies could annoy them, and marched down with floating banners and gay music upon the green plains. The mountaineers still kept them in view from the nearest heights, striving with sad and wishful eyes to distinguish the form of the prophetess. Instead of proceeding with rapid steps to the white town, which glittered in the sunshine at a few miles distance, Montrevel no sooner found himself on level ground, safe

from the assaults of hill-warfare, than he halted near a solitary tall tree, which stretched its branches abroad, as if to invite the heated traveller to its shadow. There was a pause; the soldiers were taking breath after their hurried march; there was a bustle; but they did not disperse, nor sit down on the grass to rest their weary limbs; and in a few minutes more, their march was resumed with increased speed. As they cleared the ground under the large tree, the distant spectators caught sight of a fearful object. It was the well-known scarlet drapery — it was the body of their prophetess — suspended from one of the lower branches of the oak. No cry burst now from their lips; not daring to believe their own eyes, they strained their gaze, then looked in each other's faces with blank and speechless horror. Still doubting, — still hoping, — Cavalier was the first to rush down to the place of execution, while the sound of martial music yet came on the breeze, and the cloud of dust raised by the troops, who had now reached a high road, was still in view. La Grande Marie was dead. Her body was yet warm, but the spirit had forsaken it; and never more should the bold accents of her prophecies kindle the souls of the Camisards against their oppressors. With reverent hands they bore her remains away to a cavern among their remote

fastnesses; for in the minds of some, there lingered even now the hope of a miracle more stupendous than any hitherto performed by their departed friend. Upon the brow of Cavalier, however, a cloud had settled, such as that open placid countenance had never yet worn. It was not despair which brooded on his heart; but a profound sorrow, and a feeling that all now depended on his own unaided and desperate efforts. It is only on the unreflecting, that a sense of increased responsibility falls lightly.

It was scarce high noon, when the party of royalists encamped in safety near the town of N——, after their merry morning's work. Before nightfall, Cavalier had scoured the mountains in the neighborhood; and, either in person or by his emissaries, had drawn together a large and furious body of peasants. As the sun sunk towards the west, black clouds gathered round his couch, and, glowing like fire at his approach, soon shrouded the blazing orb in premature twilight. The wind howled among the hills with those portentous sounds which, to the practised ear, foreboded a sudden and violent storm; and Cavalier smiled triumphantly as he looked at the gloomy heavens, and hurried over the rocks to the place of rendezvous. A voice calling him by name arrested him on his way, and, ere he had time to answer the call, a boy scarce fifteen,

clad in the ordinary dress of a shepherd, sprang into his arms.

"My brother! my Philip!" exclaimed the young leader, "why are you here? why have you left the upper mountains?"

"I have come to fight, with you," cried the lad.

"My child," returned Cavalier, "you know not what you say. With that beardless cheek and feeble hand, what should you do in these fierce battles?"

"I have fought with the wolves, and I can fight a soldier," said the boy; "let me go with you; I cannot stay there among the women and children."

"But you must, — till you are a man," said Cavalier; "who will tend our flocks, if our boys neglect their charge?"

"Let the women watch sheep, or let the wolves eat them," answered the lad; I am old enough, and strong enough, and bold enough, to fight these robber-soldiers; and if you will not let me go with you, brother, I will fight them alone. People say they have taken La Grande Marie; they have hung her on a tree! Is it true?"

Cavalier's countenance, which had brightened as he looked on his brave young brother, grew sad as he whispered, "It is too true; God and

his angels left her, — we know not why, — unless that we might revenge her murder."

"Then let me go, let me go!" cried Philip, vehemently, as the blood rushed into his face; and he strove to drag his brother forward.

"Nay," returned Cavalier, calmly, "hear me, Philip. You and I are alone in the world. We have no parents to love us, no brothers, no sisters. This day they have taken away the only other earthly being for whom I cared, and have cut deep into my heart. If I lose you too, — you are but a child, Philip; a noble but a feeble boy, and your arm could not ward off the death-stroke aimed against you. I should behold some ruthless sword drinking your life-blood, and the sight would palsy my own right arm. Go back, dear Philip! you are too young and weak for these bloody encounters."

"But you are scarce twenty," rejoined the boy, "and you have not the stout limbs of a mountaineer; yet men say, God has given you such a wise head and bold heart, that you can lead them to battle. I only ask to follow after you."

"In time, Philip, in time! Do you love me, my dear brother?"

The younger Cavalier looked up in the speaker's face with amazement, and then throwing his

arm round his neck, exclaimed, "You know I do, Louis!"

"Then go back to the heights, and take care of your precious days, Philip; for I tell you, that, if you are in this conflict to-night, my thoughts will not be my own. I have more need of the clear head than of the strong hand, to guide yonder brave but undisciplined men,—and will you add to my perplexities, Philip?"

The boy's bright color faded, and his head drooped, as he said dejectedly, "I will do as you bid me, brother."

Cavalier pressed him to his heart: "That is well, my noble boy! I love you all the better for your bold purpose, and better still that you can submit to disappointment. God knows if I do not love you too well, for I feel that to lose you would almost break my heart. Away, then, to the upper hills! it grows late." So saying, he disengaged himself hastily from the lad, and rushed down the rocks. As he looked back now and then through the deepening twilight, he discerned Philip still standing in a melancholy attitude, and repeatedly waved his hand to him to depart. But it was not till Louis had entirely vanished from his sight, that the gallant boy turned, with a heavy sigh, and with lingering steps began to ascend the mountain.

Cavalier's plans had been wisely laid. He

was aware, that a blow must be immediately struck, to revive the drooping spirits of the insurgents. He knew that reinforcements for Montrevel's party were on the march, and would probably arrive the next day; and that no time was to be lost. Before midnight, the storm commenced, as if in league with the oppressed; it was accompanied by a violent wind, and, in the midst of its fury, his followers, divided into parties, approached the camp of Montrevel unperceived, from three quarters, and burst upon the bewildered soldiers, while the thunder roared over their heads, and the hurricane whirled their light tents into the air. Flushed with success, the assailants piked their victims without mercy, and pursued them into the outskirts of the town.

Cavalier alone was cool in the midst of the general confusion; and his ear was the first to catch the sound of drums beating to arms within the town. He divined the truth instantly. Seeing the approach of the tempest, the officer sent to the aid of Montrevel had hurried forward, and had quartered his troops among the inhabitants, not two hours before the attack of the Camisards; and now it required the utmost powers of the young leader to bring together his scattered and raging adherents, and draw them off in good order to the mountains. He succeeded, however; and by turning occasionally

to face his antagonists, then flying as if in consternation, tempted them on from the plains, into the broken soil at the base of the mountains. Before this was accomplished, the brief fury of the tempest had spent itself; the clouds were breaking away; and the moon, nearly full, looked out at times, from her quiet chambers in the sky, on the scene with unwonted brilliancy. Encouraged by this circumstance, the hot-headed young officer who commanded the fresh troops of the royalists, suffered himself to be lured among the hills; and then, soon finding his error, endeavored to fight his way back with a bravery worthy of the sons of freedom themselves. The slaughter among his followers was great; and they might perhaps have been utterly cut to pieces, had Cavalier retained the same presence of mind which had marked him throughout the night. But, while he was engaged in superintending the motions of his troops, he suddenly perceived a conflict going on, upon the very edge of a cliff at no great distance, which made his blood run cold. It was a boy, — sword in hand, — fighting most gallantly with a young royalist officer. His cap was off, — the moon shone full on his face, — it was Philip! Cavalier sprang towards him, but at the same moment he was himself set upon by two soldiers, and compelled to fight for his own life. Still he glanced continually at the

rock beyond; he saw that Philip was unaware of the precipice behind, — that his antagonist gained upon him, — that the boy was yielding, retreating, but still parrying the thrusts aimed at his body; Cavalier uttered a warning cry, but it was unheard, and in an instant more, as Philip again stepped back to avoid the desperate lunge of his foe, — he disappeared! A mist came over the eyes of Cavalier; he fought like a blind man; and, had not some of his own friends come to his rescue, that night would have seen two of the boldest spirits of the Cevennes for ever extinguished. As it was, his faculties seemed benumbed; and, deprived of his wise command, the mountaineers suffered the soldiers to extricate themselves from their perilous position, and march back with some show of order to their quarters, under the gray dawn.

This was but one of a thousand conflicts, which those unhappy regions beheld. But, whether in defeat or victory, from that night the private and profound sorrows of Cavalier found no utterance. The gravity of premature manhood was on his brow; and having but one object for which to live, his energies were wholly absorbed in the cause of freedom. The uneducated son of a peasant, he had naturally imbibed those superstitions, which had led him to yield all

deference to the claims of the maniac prophetess; and many a time, in the dead watches of the night, did he groan in spirit as he remembered her murder; many a time did the tears gush from his eyes in those solitary hours, as he recollected the heroic boy, the darling of his heart, whom he had seen dashed in pieces, as it were, before his face. The fortunes of the fight had led him far from the dreadful spot before daylight; and no funeral rites had honored the object of such fond affection; but his early virtue, his precious courage, and sad fate, were treasured in the bosom of his brother.

For weeks and months the weary contest went on. The valor and cool judgment of Cavalier had exalted him to supremacy above the other leaders of the Camisards; his fame had spread far and wide; and, when he had succeeded in cutting off a large detachment of the royal troops near Martinargue, Montrevel was recalled; and a general of no less reputation than Marshal Villars was sent against the once despised rebels of the Cevennes. In a few months more, Villars himself came to the conclusion, that the warfare must be interminable; it was possible to harass and distress, but not to conquer. So indomitable was the spirit of the enemy, so impregnable the fastnesses of their mountains, that all hope of putting an end to the

war by force of arms was abandoned by this able leader. And in the heart of Cavalier, who beheld the incessant sufferings of the peasantry from fatigue and famine, there also arose a secret longing for the return of peace to their valleys. Fearful was this conscientious young man, however, lest the voice of inclination should drown the commands of duty; he scarcely dared trust his own judgment; and it was not till he ascertained, that ten thousand rebels would lay down their arms if fitting conditions should be offered, that he consented to hold an amicable parley with the enemy.

An interview first took place between Cavalier and Lalande, an officer of high rank under Marshall Villars. Lalande surveyed the worn garments and pale cheeks of the young hero, whose deeds had reached the ear and troubled the mind of Louis the Fourteenth, in the midst of his mighty foreign wars; he looked upon the body-guard of the rebel chief, and saw there, too, signs of poverty and extreme physical suffering; and believed that he understood how to deal with men in such a condition. After a few words of courtesy, he drew forth a large and heavy purse of gold, and extended it towards Cavalier. The mild eye of the youth rested on it a moment with surprise; he looked in the officer's face, as if unable to comprehend his mean-

ing; then, composedly folding his arms and stepping back, he shook his head, with an expression of countenance so cold, resolute, and dignified, that Lalande blushed at his own proffer. Glancing at the poor fellows who stood behind Cavalier, with ready address he intimated that the sum was but intended for a free gift to relieve their distress, and scattered the glittering coin on the turf before them. Their eyes rested on it wishfully, as they thought of their half-famished wives and children; but, so perfect was the subordination into which they had been brought by their extraordinary chief, that not a man stirred hand or foot, till, after a brief conference, Cavalier signified his pleasure that they should accept the donative. That was not till he had made satisfactory preliminary arrangements with Lalande, and a final interview had been appointed between Lalande and himself.

It was on the 6th of May, 1704, that the renowned French marshal,—the antagonist of Marlborough,—descended into the Garden of the Recollets, at St. Césaire, near Nismes, to discuss peace and war with the son of a mountain peasant. He first reached the appointed spot; a grass-plot surrounded by formal gravel-walks and trim hedges, bright with the verdure of spring. He stood musing by a fountain, careless of the songs of a thousand birds; for

the interests of his master were at his heart; and he was eager to terminate a contest, most annoying in the present crisis of the monarch's affairs. Cavalier approached him with a brow equally perturbed; for, though the sufferings of his countrymen had made him resolve on peace, if it could be honorably obtained, yet the forms of his departed friend and brother had haunted his dreams through the past night. His own wrongs swelled in his bosom; and he felt, that Peace, with her sweetest smiles, could not bring back the murdered to cheer the loneliness of his lot. Sad, therefore, were the tones of his voice, and melancholy the aspect of his countenance, as the conference opened between him and his noble adversary; and Villars looked on him with a deep admiration and sympathy. He knew, from common report, what had been the keenest trials Cavalier had ever experienced; and judged rightly, that, as the season of the year returned, which had been marked by events of pain, the jocund voices of spring could bring no gayety to a heart so full of bitter associations. For a time, he spoke of the objects for which they had met, but with a military frankness, calculated to place the uncourtierlike Cavalier at his ease, questioned him of himself and his career; and gave just praises to the troops he had formed from raw mountaineers.

At last the feelings uppermost in the heart of Cavalier could no longer be suppressed, and he broke forth: "My countrymen are born free and fearless, and from their tenderest years can defend themselves against oppression. I had a brother, General —"

He could not go on, but Villars did not wait. "I know you had; a hero of fifteen; the tale of that gallant boy's fate has reached me since I came into these parts. You might well be proud of him."

Cavalier's eyes were swimming in tears, as he repeated, in a stifled voice, "Proud of him! I prized him while he was mine, and, when he was gone, I thought I had never prized him enough, — noble, loving, beloved Philip!"

"Were you satisfied, perfectly satisfied, that he perished in the pass of Montluc?"

"Alas! he disappeared; I saw him pressed over the brink of a precipice; I knew it was not possible for flesh and bones to be dashed on the rocks below without destruction."

"Yet, if you remember, torrents of rain had fallen scarce an hour before; at least, so they tell me; and a deep basin of water had been formed under the cliff whence he fell."

Cavalier looked wildly in the Marshal's face, but spoke not. "If," continued Villars, "he should have escaped death, should have fallen

into the hands of our troops, what ransom would you pay for such a prisoner?"

"Myself,—my liberty,—my life! I have naught else!" cried the young man.

Villars turned away, a benevolent smile lighting up his war-worn features, and raised his sword; the party of soldiers, who were drawn up at a little distance in a hollow square, opened, and there stood the slender stripling, Philip; in another moment, he had bounded like a mountain deer into the arms of his astonished brother, whispering, as he clung round his neck, "Will you forgive me, Louis?"

"He is yours," resumed the Marshal, dashing the tears from his eyes; "we demand no ransom for those that wear no beards, even though taken sword in hand, as this young goose was, ten minutes after he came dripping and dizzy out of the water. The swords of our dead Frenchmen were scattered too plentifully about him. Carry him off, or I shall steal him; and teach him loyalty, I pray you; for five years hence he will match us all. And now for business."

Briskly indeed the business went on. The cloud had vanished from the brow of Cavalier, the load had been lifted from his heart, and, both parties having the same object honorably in view, a friendly arrangement was speedily con-

cluded, in which the interest of the monarch and of the long-oppressed subject were alike consulted.

It was not till many years after, that the Governor of Jersey, — the veteran of Almanza, — the trusted servant of the English crown, — quietly departed this life of shadows in the ordinary course of nature, leaving behind a high and unblemished reputation. That honored officer was Louis Cavalier, once the rebel peasant of the Cevennes.

HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY THE GOTHIC PEASANTRY.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

SLOW, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
Thy course of beneficence done;
As glorious go down to the ocean's warm breast,
As when thy bright race was begun,
For all thou hast done,
Since thy rising, O sun!
May thou and thy Maker be blest.
Thou hast scattered the night from thy broad golden way,
Thou hast given us thy light through a long happy day,
Thou hast roused up the birds, thou hast wakened the flowers,
To chant on thy path, and to perfume the hours.
Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again, beautiful, blessing and blest.

Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
Yet pause but a moment to shed
One warm look of love on the earth's dewy breast,
Ere the starred curtain fall round thy bed,
And to promise the time,
Where, awaking sublime,
Thou shalt rush all refreshed from thy rest.
Warm hopes drop like dews from thy life-giving hand,
Teaching hearts closed in darkness like flowers to expand;
Dreams wake into joys when first touched by thy light,
As glow the dim waves of the sea at thy sight.
Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again, beautiful, blessing and blest.

Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
Prolonging the sweet evening hour;
Then robe again soon in the morn's golden vest,
To go forth in thy beauty and power.
Yet pause on thy way,
To the full height of day,

For thy rising and setting are blest.
When thou com'st after darkness to gladden our eyes,
Or departest in glory, in glory to rise,
May hope and may prayer still be woke by thy rays,
And thy going be marked with thanksgiving and praise.
Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again, beautiful, blessing and blest.

THE ONE-HANDED FLUTE-PLAYER OF ARQUES IN NORMANDY.

I WOUND my way up the eminence on which the old towers totter to decay, and passing under the broken archway which received the triumphant Henry after his victory, and then tracing the rugged path which marks the grand approach, I got on the summit of the mound which forms the basement of the vast expanse of building. The immense extent of these gives a fine feeling of human grandeur and mortal littleness; and the course of reflection is hurried on as the eye wanders over the scenery around. This may be described in one sentence, as the resting-place on which a guilty mind might prepare for its flight to virtue.

While I stood musing "in the open air, where the scent comes and goes like the warbling of music"—and neither wished nor wanted other melody, the soft sounds of a flute came faintly towards me, breathing a tone of such peculiar and melting expression, as I thought I had never before heard. Having for some time listened in great delight, a sudden pause ensued:—the strain changed from sad to gay, not abruptly,

but ushered by a running cadence that gently lifted the soul from its languor, and thrilled through every fibre of feeling. It recalled to me at the instant the fables of Pan, and every other rustic serenader, and I thought of the passage in Smith's "Nympholet," where Amarynthus, in his enthusiasm, fancies he hears the pipe of the sylvan deity.

I descended the hill towards the village at a pace lively and free as the measure of the music which impelled me. When I reached the level ground, and came into the straggling street, the warbling ceased. It seemed as though enchantment had lured me to its favorite haunt. The gothic church, on my right, assorted well with the architecture of the houses around. On every hand a portico, a frieze, ornaments carved in stone, coats of arms, and fret-work, stamped the place with an air of antiquity and nobleness, while groups of tall trees formed a decoration of verdant yet solemn beauty.

A few peasant women were sitting at the doors of their respective habitations, as misplaced, I thought, as beggars in the porch of a palace; while half-a-dozen children gambolled on the grass plot in the middle of the open place. I sought in vain among these objects to discover the musician; and, not willing to disturb my

pleased sensations by common-place questionings, I wandered about, looking, in a sort of semi-romantic mood, at every antiquated casement. Fronting the church, and almost close to its western side, an arched entrance caught my particular attention, from its old yet perfect workmanship, and I stopped to examine it, throwing occasional glances through the trellis-work in the middle of the gate, which gave a view of a court-yard and house within. Part of the space in front was arranged in squares of garden, and a venerable old man was watering some flowers: a nice young woman stood beside him, with a child in her arms; two others were playing near him: and close at hand was a man, about thirty years of age, who seemed to contemplate the group with a complacent smile. His figure was in part concealed from me, but he observed me, and immediately left the others, and walked down the gravel path to accost me. I read his intention in his looks, and stood still.

As he advanced from his concealed position, I saw that his left leg was a wooden one—his right was the perfect model of Apollonic grace. His left arm was wanting. He was bare-headed, and his curled brown hair showed a forehead that Spurzheim would have almost worshipped. His features were all of manly

beauty. His mustachios, military jacket, and light pantaloons with red edging, told that he had not been "curtailed of man's fair proportions" by any vulgar accident of life; and the cross of honor suspended to his button-hole, finished the brief abstract of his history.

A short interlocution, consisting of apology on my part and invitation on his, ended in my accompanying him towards the house; and as I shifted from his left to his right side to offer one of my arms to his only one, I saw a smile on the countenance of his pretty wife, and another on that of his old father; and my good footing with the family was secured. We entered the hall, a large bleak ante-room, with three or four old portraits mouldering on the walls, joined to each other by a cobweb tapestry, and unaccompanied by any other ornament. We then passed to the right into a spacious chamber, which was once, no doubt, the gorgeously decorated withdrawing-room of some proudly-titled occupier. The nobility of its present tenant is of a different kind, and its furniture confined to two or three tables, twice as many chairs, a corner cupboard, and a secrétaire. A Spanish guitar was suspended to a hook over the gothic mantel-piece; a fiddle lay on the table; and fixed to the edge of the other was a sort of wooden vice, into which was

screwed a flute of concert size, with three finger holes and eleven brass keys, but of a construction sufficient to puzzle Monzani.

It is useless to make a mystery of what the reader has already divined: my one-legged, one-armed host was the owner of this complicated machine, and the performer on it, whose wonderful tone and execution had caused me so much pleasure. But what will be said when I tell the astonished and perhaps incredulous public, that "his good right hand" was the sole and simple one that bored and polished the wood, turned the keys and the ivory which formed the joints, and accomplished the entire arrangement of this instrument!

Being but an indifferent musician and worse mechanic, I shall not attempt to describe the peculiarities of the music, or the arrangement of the flute, as the maker and performer ran over, with his four miraculous fingers, some of the most difficult solos in Vernes and Berlinger's compositions which lay on the table before him.

This extraordinary man is a half-pay colonel in the French service, though a German by birth. His limbs received their summary amputation by two quick-sent cannon balls at the battle of Deerden (I believe): since he was disabled he has lived in his present retirement, "passing rich on thirty pounds a year," and

happy for him that nature endowed him with a tasteful and mechanical mind, — rare combinations! — while art furnished him with knowledge of music, without which his mind would have been a burden.

With regard to his flute-playing, he actually brought tears into my eyes by his touching manner.

It needs not to be told he was an enthusiast in music, and when he believed himself thus deprived of the last enjoyment of his life, he was almost distracted. In the feverish sleep snatched at intervals from suffering, he used constantly to dream that he was listening to delicious concerts, in which he was, as he was wont, a principal performer. Strains of more than earthly music seemed sometimes floating round him, and his own flute was ever the leading instrument.

Frequently, at moments of greatest delight, some of the inexplicable machinery of dreams went wrong. One of the sylphs, the lovely imaginings of Baxter's fanciful theory, had snapped the chord that strung his visioned joys. He awoke in ecstacy, the tones vibrated, too, for a while upon his brain; but, recalled to sensation by a union of bodily pain and mental anguish, his enefficient stump gave the lie direct to all his dreams of paradise, and the gallant

and mutilated soldier wept like an infant for whole hours.

He might make a fortune, I think, if he would visit England, and appear as a public performer; but his pride forbids this, and he remains at Arques to show to any visitor unusual proofs of talent, ingenuity, and philosophy!

THE POET'S PEN.

FROM THE GREEK OF MENECRATES.

I WAS a useless reed; no cluster hung
My brow with purple grapes; no blossom flung
The coronet of crimson on my stem;
No apple blushed upon me, nor (the gem
Of flowers) the violet strewed the yellow heath
Around my feet; nor jessamine's sweet wreath
Robed me in silver: day and night I pined
On the lone moor, and shivered in the wind.
At length a poet found me. From my side
He smoothed the pale and withered leaves, and dyed
My lips in HELICON. From that high hour,
I SPOKE! my words were flame and living power!
All the wide wonders of the earth were mine;
Far as the surges roll, or sunbeam's shine;
Deep as earth's bosom hides the emerald;
High as the hills with thunder-clouds are palled;
And there was sweetness round me, that the dew
Had never wet so sweet on violets blue.
To me the mighty sceptre was a wand;
The roar of nations pealed at my command.

To me the dungeon, sword, and scourge were vain,
I smote the smiter, and I broke the chain;
Or, towering o'er them all, without a plume
I pierced the purple air, the tempest's gloom,
Till blazed th' Olympian glories on my eye,
Stars, temples, thrones, and gods — infinity.

SONNET.

EVENING—THE GLEANER.

The shadows stalk along the western verge;
The orient sleeps, already wrapped in night;
The fitful fire-fly trims his tiny light,
Ere yet the owl awakes her solemn dirge.
The dusky night-hawk swoops from sky to sky;
The whip-poor-will attunes his husky note;
O'er the still pool contending circles float,
As whirling round the beetle-boatmen ply.
Closed are the labors of the toil-worn day;
The evening Sabbath reigns o'er all the scene;
With dewy feet across the meadow green,
The gentle gleaner homeward wends her way.
Peace to her guileless heart and unpretending hearth!
Peace seeks the humble home — but shuns the great of earth!

A LAWYER'S CLERK'S TALE.

With one of my schoolfellows, whose father was clerk to an eminent barrister, I paid occasional visits to the courts in Westminster Hall. I was with him, also, one day at the bar of the House of Lords during the arguing of an appeal case. We were not unfrequently, likewise, in the Old Bailey during the sessions. From thenceforward my imagination was filled with nothing but a vision of wigs and gowns. Many a time have I astounded an Old Bailey jury, badgered a witness in the Common Pleas, and even broken jokes with "my lords" the judges. I have been hand and glove with the Lord Chancellor himself, and (for my imagination exercised its ubiquitous privilege, and flew as it pleased between common law and equity), I have leaned familiarly over the bar of the House of Lords, addressing the woolsack and empty benches on some intricate case on which I had been retained with a fee of a thousand guineas.

My decision was made — my profession was chosen — I should be a lawyer. My father, a plain, hard-working man, learned the decision with a kind of contemptuous carelessness, but

finding me persist, it made him somewhat uneasy. Once on a time, he said, he had done a little business with lawyers himself, and had found them a precious pack of scoundrels. He hated lawyers cordially, and he had a reason for it. The reason was this. He had fancied that he had a claim to a property which wanted an owner, and he had spent some trifle of money in trying to establish his claim. But other and much nearer claimants than he had started up, and from that time he never could forgive the lawyers. We seldom heard the story when he was sober; but when he came home tipsy (which, to do him justice, was not frequently), we were sure to get the whole history and mystery of this property, and perhaps it was but the second edition for that evening, if he had got any auditors in the parlor of the Rose and Crown. My mother used to call him an old fool, and desire him to go to bed, which he would do very good-humoredly, but as he sank to sleep he still kept muttering about how the lawyers had cheated him out of his property.

My father resisted my inclination to be a lawyer; he would far rather, he said, see me at some *honest* trade. With my mother I had more success; I told her I had a turn and taste for the law, and she believed that I had; I affirmed that I would rise in the law, and she

believed that I would. I at last caught my father's consent by a manœuvre which had some cunning in it and some real enthusiasm. He was harping one evening on the old string of his property, when I exclaimed that if *I* were but a barrister, I would drag the unlawful holders of the property through every court in the kingdom, and compel them to disgorge — perhaps if I *were* a barrister, father might have the property to keep him in his old age. He looked at me for a moment; then taking his pipe out of his mouth, and laying it on the table, he vowed that I *should* be a lawyer.

But *how* to become a lawyer was now the consideration. At last my mother bethought her of a very distant relation who was a clerk in an attorney's office — the result of her application to him was, that I was taken into the office, and the attorney promised that if I proved as sharp and apt as I looked, *he* would take care of me.

About a year afterwards a young barrister, who had just taken possession of his chambers, and was beginning to get some business, proposed to me that I should become his clerk. I jumped at the proposal. The attorney, however, was somewhat offended by my leaving him, and spoke disparagingly of my ability. There was no engagement, however, and the barrister had

conceived a fancy for me. Therefore did I become the barrister's clerk.

Now was I happy! I had surmounted one obstacle; and if I could but accomplish the task of *eating* my way through an Inn of Court, *I* might become a barrister, and have, one day, a clerk, and chambers to myself. My employer was well connected, (what *can* a professional man do in London without a good connexion?) and besides, he was one of those persons who in common life are known as lucky individuals. Almost everything he took in hand succeeded with him. There was a buoyancy about him, combined with almost perfect suavity of manner, and a large portion of cleverness, which carried him swimmingly. He never knew what it was to fear or doubt the possibility of his success in life, and therefore he was equally free from the hesitation of a timid nature, and the bullying forwardness of a vulgar one. The word *gentleman* sums up his character. He knew his own position, kept it, never went under it or over it, and, as a natural consequence, was able to allow to others full deference and acknowledgment, without the fear that he was thereby detracting from himself. He was, indeed, a kind-hearted, open, candid gentleman!

Business flowed in upon him. No Jew in disposition, he raised my salary as he filled my

time with work — as *his* fees increased, so did mine, By the time I had shot up from the shape and thoughts of a mere youth into the look and consequence of a young man, I was in the receipt of an income of about 200*l.* yearly, and it promised to increase still more. My employer would undoubtedly rise in his profession, and I would rise with him. He might become attorney-general — he might be made a judge! My prospects were far better than that of many a briefless barrister; I scorned to desert my employer, and abandoned all thoughts of anything but being his clerk for life. "Well, Bill," said my father, one day, as I handed him some money to pay up arrears of rent — there was a tear in his glistening eye — "I was wrong, and you was right, when you wanted to be a lawyer!" My mother would sit and look at me, while gratification and pride lighted up her face — or she would smile as my sister pulled the ring off my little finger, and placed it on her own, or my younger brother examined the texture of the silver watch-guard, that, like an alderman's chain, decorated my person. I was the great man of the family, and grew great in my own estimation. A bed-room was carefully assigned me — my father brushed my boots and shoes, nor would he allow any one else to do it. One night, I took him to the gallery of the

House of Commons. Though fond of a bit of political discussion, especially in his favorite parlor at the Rose and Crown, his attention was riveted, not on the speaker or his wig, or the clerks at the table with their wigs, or the mace, or the members, but on the sergeant-at-arms, and the messengers of the House. He was getting tired, he said, of hard work, and he "would just like to be one of them chaps," to sit and hear the speeches, and have nothing to do but order the folks in the strangers' gallery to sit down and be quiet. I promised to use all *my* influence to get him put on the list, and no doubt he would be appointed in due course!

Time wore on; my money was as plentiful, or more so, as ever; and I became, not a dissipated, but a gay, thoughtless young fellow. I ventured, now and then, into the pit at the opera, occasionally treated my sisters (my mother would never go) to a box at the play, and when "master and I" went on circuit, I drank my wine "like a gentleman." About this time, I was smitten by the charms of a pretty, affectionate girl, (she is, thank goodness, if not *as* pretty, at least as affectionate as she ever was,) and — we married! Who blames me? My employer was glad to hear of my marriage. He said that he would repose greater confidence in me than ever, that he felt he had a greater

hold upon me than he had before, that, in fact, I had "given hostages to fortune." I told all this to my wife, and though she did not exactly understand what giving hostages to fortune meant, she thought it must mean something very complimentary, considered my employer a very fine gentleman, wondered he did not take a wife himself, but concluded he had not yet met with the one that was destined for him.

I look back to the first two years of my married life as one does to a pleasant vision, which seems to float indistinctly in the memory. They were spent in one round of thoughtless happiness. We never dreamed of saving any money, as we might have done. My absences on circuit were at first a source of annoyance, but she became used to them, and they were amply made up by our "junkettings" and "goings-on" during the "long vocation." My wife *is* an excellent creature; but *all* (say, if not *all*, the greater portion) of young London folks are fond of "seeing some life"—ay, and many of the older folks, too. So we ran to Vauxhall, and Astley's, visited the theatres, had supper parties, and sometimes a dinner party, and took excursions into the country. A couple of children was but a trifling check upon the buoyancy of our out-of-door habits. We kept, of course, a servant; and "mother" came of an evening,

to take care of the young ones when we went out.

My employer suddenly sickened and died. A brain fever cut him off in the flower of his manhood — at the very time when he could exclaim, "it is well with me, and it is well with the world!" I was too much stunned to feel the sorrow I have since felt. Besides, his relations called on me to wind up his affairs. I did so; and, in a few months, the chambers where I had spent some busy and some pleasant hours, were taken possession of by another barrister and another clerk. Truly, man dies, but society lives. The death of a man in the prime of life, and in active business, is just as if one threw a stone into the ocean: it causes an agitation and a swell in the neighborhood for a moment, and then the surface is the same as ever!

I could have got a situation immediately afterwards. But the salary offered was very small; and I had received fifty pounds from my late employer's relations, as an acknowledgment of my services. So, scorning to "shelf" myself, as I called it, I resolved to wait till something worth my acceptance presented itself. I do not know how it was, but I spent three or four busy months idling about. I waited on this person and that person; spoke of my

capabilities and my wants; tried for two or three situations, and began to feel what I had never properly felt before, that the fraternity I belong to, like that of our employers, is a numerous one — their name is Legion, for they are many.

One day, in the street, I met a barrister who had been one of the personal friends of my late employer. "Oh, Turner," he said, "I wanted to see you — come with me." I went with him to the chambers of a well-known conveyancer. After being duly introduced, I was desired to wait, and the kind barrister, doubtless thinking he had effectually served me, went away. Some time afterwards, I was called into the sanctum. "Well, Mr. Turner — Turner is, I think, your name, is it not?" said he, in a voice that made me think him as musty and precise as an old title-deed. I bowed. "With whom did you say you were last, Mr. Turner?" I mentioned the name. "Ah! poor fellow, he died as he was getting into a very good business — did he not, Mr. Turner?" I replied, of course, in the affirmative. "But you were with a conveyancer before you were with him, were you not, Mr. Turner?" I said, No — but that I was sure I would soon get into the routine of the business. "Ah! well, I am busy now, Mr.

Turner, but leave me your address, and I will send for you when I want you." I pulled out my card, which the conveyancer told me to put down on the table. Next day the situation was filled up, but not by me.

I next applied for the head clerkship in an attorney's office, but the attorney wanted an *experienced* man, and I was amongst the rejected candidates. I heard one night of a vacancy in a barrister's clerkship, and was waiting at the chambers next morning before the barrister appeared himself, amongst half-a-dozen young men, who mutually guessed each other's purpose — but the barrister had been suited the night before. The question began to occur to me — what can I do? Here was I, the father of a family, a grown member of an overstocked profession, and all I can really do to earn my family's subsistence, is the copying of legal documents — an *art* that a boy of fourteen can perform as well as a man of forty. Yet, forsooth! my shabby gentility must be kept up — dig I cannot, and to beg I am ashamed. In the first impulse of the moment, I resolved to sell off all that I had, and emigrate to the Backwoods of Canada. And pray, said I to myself, as I cooled a little, what *can* you do in the Backwoods of Canada? You can neither handle the axe, nor the saw, nor the hammer; hardly

know how to plant a cabbage — and can barely tell the difference between wheat and oats!

My father had been ailing, and was at last called away, and I, heretofore the great man of the family, could do nothing towards laying him in his quiet grave. A brother, by trade a blacksmith, one whom I had ridiculed for the awkward homeliness of his manners, and whom I have more than once avoided in the street, defrayed the expenses of the funeral, and, being unmarried, charged himself with the maintenance of my mother. Yes, the tables were turned. Yet even amid the bitterness of heart which everything was calculated to give me, I have seen me turn out on a solitary walk, and dreaming about a fortune being left me by some unlooked-for and mysterious means; and how, when I got it, I would astonish, dazzle, or at least command the respect of some who were looking coldly or contemptuously on me. And at this time another baby was born to me, and my awkward brother called, in his greasy jacket, and put a sovereign into its little hand — we had only a few coppers, not amounting to a sixpence, in the house, before we received the welcome gold coin.

My wife suggested that I should try something *out* of the law, if I could not get something to do *in* it. What can I do out of the law, I asked.

"Bless my heart!" she exclaimed, with more vehemence than she was in the habit of using, "London is a *large* place!" Some further conversation followed; we grew warm; she accused me of being a useless, incapable fellow, who, when one mode of subsistence failed, could not turn himself with facility to another. I retorted, that she was idle, and might do something herself towards the maintenance of the family, (what a cruel insult towards a woman with two young children and a baby, and she, too, whom I had taught never to do anything but attend to the children!) — high words followed, I stormed, she wept and upbraided, we mutually wished we had never been married, and at last, in a furious passion, I rushed out of the house.

I had parted with the silver chain, as well as some other ornaments previously, but the ring kept its place on my little finger. This I now took off, sold for a few shillings, and went and got drunk, like a mean-spirited hound, with the money. Staggering about the streets, and covered with mud from a fall, I was met by the kind barrister, who had not lost his interest in me, and who, but for the circumstance of his having an excellent clerk, would have taken me. He was accompanied by another barrister, who had just discharged his clerk for drunkenness and embezzlement, and the empty

place had been reserved for me — it was a very good one. They both knew me, both spoke to me, and I answered them with a hiccoughing bravado, which, as I learned next morning, under a head-ache and a heart-ache, lost me the situation.

The next night was one of the dreariest I ever spent in my life. I slipped out while my wife was asleep, and began to ramble about the streets, to cool the fever of body and mind. "London is indeed a large place," thought I. There are hundreds in it, ay, thousands, who, if they knew my condition, would pour a sufficiency for the present distress into the lap of my family — yet a bold, bad, begging-letter imposter, by working on the feelings of the charitable, can sometimes gather pounds while I am destitute of pence. And there are hundreds of situations, requiring no greater ability than what I possess, which supply what I would term affluence to their possessors, while I am wandering about like a vagabond, no man offering me aught to do. But the previous night's adventure came back to my recollection, and I knew I was solacing myself with a lie. It was a bitter night of murmuring, repining, self-accusation, and reproach of the arrangements of Providence. I forgot how much of my present condition was owing to my own wilful

misspending of the time of my youth, and the money acquired in a comfortable situation.

During that night's ramble, I saw two or three destitute creatures, men and boys, wandering the streets like myself, and a young lad, who was sitting huddled up on the steps of a door, told me his story, which, if it was not true, was told in a very truth-like way. It was a pitiable story of destitution, and made me ashamed of my want of spirit. There was a penny in my pocket, remaining from my previous night's debauch; I gave it to him with hearty good will, and returning home, found my wife up, and weeping at the alarming thought of my having abandoned her, but determined, as she said with great spirit, to "scrub her nails off" to earn a subsistence for herself and the children.

I now thought of trying for a situation in the Post Office. Accordingly, I set to work — got up a memorial, and had it signed by a number who knew me, and by a number who did not — and sent letters along with it to the Postmaster-General and the Secretary. My hopes rose high about the success of this scheme, for the letters were nicely written, nicely folded, and nicely sealed. I allowed at least ten days for an answer, and did not become impatient till the third week. Then I began to sit each morning at the window, watching the postman, and

biting my nails as he passed. The oldness of the maxim has not abated one jot of its truth, that, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." The third week passed, and the fourth, and no answer came. In the fifth week, unable to bear the agony of suspense, I sent a note, entreating an answer, and gently hinting that my application might have been overlooked in the hurry of business. A few days afterwards I got an answer, and broke the official seal with a trembling hand and a beating heart. The inclosure was a note, intimating, in dry, but civil terms, that my application had been laid before the Postmaster-General, but that his list was so full as to prevent all possibility of any hope of employment being held out to me.

Next day I got, by what appeared almost a mere chance, the situation of clerk to a barrister, with a salary of 50*l.* a year. I had been offered the same sum, with a chance of picking up some fees, immediately after my former employer died, but I was too saucy at that time to take it. Now, however, the tone of my spirit was lowered a little. My new employer had scarcely any business, and but a small chance of augmenting it — for though not lacking ability, he wanted the "turn" — the manner, or what you choose to call it, which helps a man along in the crowded walks of the law. But I had

not been long with him, when he began to throw out hints about his prospects, and his connexions. He was very well connected, and was industriously grubbing about for the roots of an official appointment. He distinctly gave me to understand that he should provide for me as soon as he was provided for himself. I dare say he would have fulfilled his promise, *if* nothing had intervened. I was serviceable to him; and though a considerable amount of pride still subsisted in my heart, I brought myself to act as a valet, as well as a clerk, to a man who I could not but see was proud, poor, mean, and ungenerous. After two years' service with him, he got an appointment in one of the colonies, and having one or two relations to provide for, I could not be considered in his "arrangements." He had not the courage or the honesty to tell me the real cause, but said that my family was the obstacle in the way.

I now longed for an opportunity to "cut" the law, and would have given all I ever had in the world to any man who would have endowed me with a faculty of earning my family's subistence different from that of copying a legal document, and making a flourish at the bottom of the page. A little shop was to be let in my neighborhood—a kind of compound shop, in which the goods sold came under the class of huckster and

green-grocer. I knew nothing about buying and selling: but better late than never, thought I, and I resolved to make the experiment. The price of fixtures and good-will was only thirty pounds, but where was I to get thirty pounds? My worthy blacksmith brother came to my aid. He lent me a few pounds he had saved, and he borrowed a few more; my old friend the barrister, who had long before become reconciled to me, and who had learned that I was not an habitual drunkard, presented me with ten pounds; and one way and another I raised the thirty pounds, though with a desperate struggle. So I entered on the possession of my little shop; and it required a good laughing face to hide the scantiness of the stock, and the awkwardness of my motions. My wife, indeed, has served me excellently well; only for her handy cleverness the shop would have been shut up long ago. We are doing pretty well in it, not making a fortune, but eking out a livelihood. Meantime I have got another situation with a Chancery barrister, in which I do not get more than about 18*s.* a week, but where the work is light, and I do not require to go out of town. My wife attends to the shop during the day, and at night too; but if the custom of the shop should increase, so as to enable us to maintain our family by it, I will "cut" the law altogether; and acting

on my father's maxim, bring up my children to "honest" trades, instead of learning them a shabby gentility, which may make them more helpless in a great city than a Spitalfields or a Paisley weaver.

SPRING.

Hail, welcome Spring! delightful Spring!
  Thy joys are now begun:
Earth's frozen chains are rent in twain
  By yonder glorious sun.
The dews of eve, on meadows green,
  And waving blades of corn,
Like diamonds set in emeralds sheen,
  Are twinkling in the morn.
                Sweet Spring!

In thee the snowdrop finds a grave;
  Meanwhile the primrose pale
Grows sweetly on the sunny bank;
  The daisy in the vale
With golden eye looks beautiful;
  Young trees fresh odors fling,—
Their incense rises to the skies
  In worshipping the Spring.
                Sweet Spring!

All living things that life enjoy
  Are now instinct with love:
In pairs fond creatures woo on earth,
  In pairs they woo above.

The echoing woods in music speak,
  As winged minstrels sing,
Uniting heaven and earth with song
  In welcoming the Spring.
                Sweet Spring!

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, all
  Their lesson read to man,
And teach him sorrow's not the end
  Of Heaven's benignant plan:
However great our cares may be,
  However deep their sting,
Like Winter's storms they pass away,
  And welcome glorious Spring.
                Sweet Spring!

FORAGERS.

The reader must, we think, have observed among the various classes which compose that curious piece of mosaic work called society, one of a particularly puzzling sort of character. It is composed of persons, and very respectable-looking persons too, who contrive to live, and live well, without any visible or known means of doing so. But there *is* a means for all that, and we know the trick of the thing. These persons forage: they beat about for a living, in a way which we hope presently to illustrate in a very plain, if not a satisfactory manner.

In the course of our life we have personally known three perfect specimens of the class of persons we speak of. Three only! but they were splendid geniuses in their several ways. We say in their *several* ways; because, though of precisely the same genus, and though proceeding on precisely the same principles, they were somewhat different, both in their character and special modes of operation.

The first of these — we range them according to the chronological order of our acquaintance with them — was Dick Spelter, as he was

familiarly called by his coevals; but our acquaintance with him having been in our younger years, and merely through his sons, who were our schoolfellows, we called him, with a respect for our elders becoming our years, Mister Spelter.

Dick, who was at this time somewhere about forty-five years of age, was a personage of rather tall stature, but somewhat bent. He stooped a little — a consequence, we believe, of intense mental application to the object of circumventing the difficulties of the day. His eye was always on the ground, and he was always busied in thought, even as he wound his way through the busiest streets of the city. Neither the bustling nor jostling of passing people, nor the perils of coach and cart, could for a moment withdraw him from the profound abstraction by which he seemed always engrossed. The countenance of this prince of foragers, for so we reckon him, was a peculiar one. It had a startling sinister look; proceeding, chiefly, from a habit he had acquired of gathering a large portion of his optical information by the tail of his eye, by side-long glances. This sinister expression was also heightened by an habitual grin, which he intended, we dare say, for a smile, and which on any other countenance would, perhaps, actually have been

such a thing; but on his it was the most alarming-looking thing imaginable — cunning, sly, and roguish. Altogether, Dick's countenance, both in form and expression, bore a strange resemblance to that of an overgrown cat; it exhibited the same indications of a deep, designing, and treacherous nature. But the resemblance just spoken of held good in other particulars besides. Dick was quiet and demure, spoke little, and made no noise whatever of any kind. His step was slow, deliberate and measured, light and stealthy. He rather glided than walked, and when in motion always carried his hands behind him beneath the skirts of his coat. Thus it was that he might have been seen skipping noiselessly, and you would imagine, unobserved, through the streets, but Dick was wide awake. He had all his eyes about him, or, at least, the corners of them, and nothing could escape their vigilance; they were in quest of prey. Dick, in short, was what is called a deep one, and a sly one to boot.

At the time we knew Mr. Spelter, Mr. Spelter was doing nothing; that is, he was not engaged in any business, nor occupied by any employment: yet Mr. Spelter had no other ostensible means of living, not the smallest; and yet, again, Mr. Spelter and his family lived well and comfortably. They wanted for nothing,

neither food nor raiment. There was a man of talent for you! Why we, ourselves, while we record the fact, are overwhelmed with admiration of his genius — of the genius of that man who could rear up a family, a large family, on — nothing!

When we said that Mr. Spelter, when we knew him, was doing nothing, we will, of course, be understood in a particular and limited sense. He doing nothing! Mr. Spelter was doing an immense deal. He was the busiest man in the busy city to which he belonged; how else could he have done what he did? Maintained his family genteelly without the vulgar aid of coin, the resource of your common-place ideal men. Dick's notions were much too sublime for this. He created something, and something substantial too, out of nothing, — never stooped to inferior practice.

Mr. Spelter, however, although not engaged in any regular business during the time we enjoyed the honor of his acquaintance, had been so at one period of his life; but what that business was, when or where he carried it on, we never knew, — nor did any body else. No one could tell what he had been, although there was a pretty general though vague idea, that he had been something or other somewhere or sometime. This, indeed, is a never-absent feature in

the cases of all his class. They have always started in the world in the regular way, but have, some way or other, always fallen through it.

It would gratify the reader, we dare say, if we could give him "a swatch o' Spelter's way," — if we would give a detailed specimen of his proceedings in the way of foraging; but we must at once declare that we cannot do this. His ways were mysterious; you only saw results. All that we can say about the matter is, then, that his house never wanted abundance of the creature-comforts of life: there were hams, cheeses, kits of butter, boxes of candles and soap, — everything, in short, necessary to good housekeeping, and in never-failing, never-ending supply. But where they came from, or how obtained, who could tell? — we never could, nor could we ever even form a conjecture on the subject. There they were, and that is all we can say about them. We have reason, however, to believe that Dick did sometimes sail rather near the wind in some of his catering expeditions; that is, that some of his transactions had a shade — just a shade or so — of swindling in their complexion. We have heard that something approaching to this was the character of a particular case of a sack of potatoes, which Dick had somehow or other come across. Be

this as it may, there certainly were some unpleasant consequences attending this affair. Dick was actually pursued — not at law, for nobody ever dreamt of throwing away money in pursuing Dick at law, — but in his own proper person, and by the proper person of the owner of the potatoes. On that occasion, Dick, being hard pressed took to the roof of his own house through a skylight; for the enemy had made a lodgment even in the very heart of his domicile; and escaped, after exhibiting sundry feats of fearlessness and agility in skipping along steep roofs and scrambling over airily situated chimneys, all at the height of some hundred feet from the ground. It is said that the potato-man had the temerity to give Dick chase over a roof or two, but soon abandoned the pursuit, as equally hopeless as dangerous.

The next in order of our foragers is Sandy Lorimer. Although pursuing the same peculiar walk in life, and acting on precisely the same principles as Dick, Sandy was, in other respects a totally different man. He, again, was a stout, bold, noisy personage, with an imposing presence, and loud, hearty voice. Dick carried his points by circumvention; Sandy by a *coup-de-main*. He advanced boldly on his prey, pounced on it at once, and bore it off in triumph. He did the thing by open, fearless,

we suppose we must call it — effrontery. Sandy had formed a general intimacy, not merely a trading acquaintance, (mark the excellent policy of this,) with a large circle of dealers of all sorts,—grocers, butchers, bakers, &c., &c., &c. Being on this footing with these persons, he entered their premises, when on the hunt for provender, with a hearty freedom and familiarity of manner that admirably facilitated his subsequent proceedings, and altogether deprived them of the power of denial. They could not, in fact, find in their hearts to refuse him anything, even though perfectly conscious at the moment that they would never see a farthing of its value; his manner was so taking, so plausible, so imposing. The impudent courage of the man, too, was admirable; beyond all praise. The length of a score, either as to figures or time, or both, never daunted him in the slightest degree. He would enter the shop where the fatal document existed, and face the inditer thereof with as bold and unflinching a front as if the money was due to him; and that shop he never left without adding something to the dismal record of his obligation.

His butcher's shop, for instance,—where there was, to our certain knowledge, a score against him a yard long, and which had been standing for years, — he would enter with a shout, and

hilarious roar, slap the butcher on the shoulder with a hearty thwack, and ask him what news? He would then turn round on his heel, and commence a regular survey of all the tid-bits exposed for sale, praising and admiring everything he saw. At length his well-practised eye selects a choice morsel.

"There, now, Mr. B.," he would say, advancing towards the article in question, "there, now, is what I would call a nice little roast. That does you credit. What may the weight be?"

The butcher instinctively takes it down, and puts it into the scale; not, however, with much alacrity, for he has certain misgivings on the subject. But Sandy never minds this, though he sees it very well: he is not to be driven from his purpose by sulky looks. "Eleven pounds and a half, Mr. Lorimer," at length says the butcher.

"Boy," says Sandy, addressing a little ragged urchin, who is in waiting to carry for customers, "take this out to my house;" and, without giving the butcher time to adopt counteracting measures, should he have contemplated them, the beef was popped into the boy's tray, and despatched from the premises. This is one particular point in the forager's practice. Another is, never to trust to the seller of an article sending it home to you, but always to see it despatched, beyond

hope of recall, before leaving the shop yourself. These points Mr. Lorimer always carefully observed, and his success was commensurate with his forethought.

Besides catering for the family, however, Mr. Lorimer picked up a very tolerable independent living of his own; and this he accomplished by the following process: On entering a grocer's shop, he is particularly struck with the rich look of a cut cheese that is lying on the counter. He openly expresses his admiration of it, being on a familiar footing with the shopkeeper. He takes up the knife that is lying beside it, with a hearty, pleasant freedom of manner; keeping the shopkeeper the while in play by an animated conversation. He cuts off a whacking slice, and despatches it, having probably asked his friend to toss him over a biscuit. Luncheon, then, has been secured, but something is wanted to wash it down. A glass of ale or a draught of porter is in request, but this he cannot with a good grace ask where he has had his cheese. Indeed, there is no such opportunity as would warrant him in asking it. He must catch some one of his numerous friends in the liquor line in the act, in the particular predicament, of bottling; and this a little perseverance, aided by a shrewd guess of the most likely places, enables him to accomplish. He has also acquired

the free entrance (by what means we know not) of a certain range of bonded cellars, where he can, occasionally, pick up a glass or two of choice wine, which, with a biscuit, and perhaps a slice of ham foraged in some other quarter, he can make a pretty substantial passover.

Such, then, is Mr. Lorimer.

The next on our list is Major Longson, — the civil, polite, well-informed, bowing-and-scraping Major Longson. By the way, we never knew precisely how he acquired this same military title, we rather think it was a local-militia honor, for the major's name never appeared in any army-list. Be this as it may, however, major he was always called, and by no other title was he known.

The major was an elderly man, gray-headed, and of a grave, thoughtful, and intelligent countenance; mild and pleasant, of speech — soft, smooth, and insinuating; but he was a most determined forager, and a perfect master of his business, which, however, he conducted in a quiet, gentlemanly sort of way. In his mode of proceeding, there was a peculiarity which does not characterize the practice of the other two. The major dealt largely in *samples*, — samples of wine, samples of cheese, samples of tea, samples of everything; but we suppose we must be more explicit. To be so, then. The major had a habit of making tours among

the dealers in the articles named, and all others useful in housekeeping, (the major was a bachelor, and had therefore no family to provide for, nobody but himself,) and in the most polite and engaging manner possible, requested a sample of some particular commodity. It was at once given him; and if the article was, say tea, he never failed to go home with at least a pound weight in his pocket; and so of all the other necessaries of which he stood in need.

We have often been surprised at the singular talent which the major possessed of scenting out edibles, and that in the most unlikely places. He must either have had some wonderful gift of nose, or some strange intuitive guiding power that conducted him to his prey. A friend of ours and an acquaintance of the major's, at whose place of business he occasionally called, once happened to have a small consignment of figs from Smyrna sent to him. Our friend was in a totally different line of business, dealing in nothing that would either eat or drink, but of this consignment he took charge, stowing the *drums* of figs into a small dark back room, that they might be out of harm's way; being too tempting an article to keep in an exposed place. But, of all the depredators whom our friend dreaded, there was no one whom he so much feared as the major, whose foraging

habits he well knew. When he came, therefore, the door of the little apartment in which the figs were stored was always carefully closed, and every allusion to the delicate fruit sedulously avoided in his presence. Vain precaution! Bootless anxiety! One morning the major entered our friend's counting-house with a peculiarly bland countenance, and smiling and bowing, said, he had been informed that Mr. S. had got a consignment of figs! If perfectly convenient, he would like to see them;—he was extremely fond of figs;—a fine wholesome fruit, &c., &c.

We leave the reader to conceive our friend's amazement and mortification on being thus addressed by the major—the man, of all others, from whom he was most desirous to conceal the luscious treasure; for he knew that he would not only carry off the usual sample for himself, but that he would come day after day, as long as a fig remained, to get samples for his friends, (this, of course, fudge,) in an affected zeal to find purchasers for the consignee. All this accordingly took place, and the major effected an entrance next day; but, fortunately, the figs had been all disposed of and removed in the interim. Our friend could never conceive where or how the major had obtained his intelligence in the case just mentioned; but it was,

after all, only one of a thousand every whit as mysterious and unaccountable. The major was evidently born with an intuitive talent for finding the depositories of good things, be these where they might: they could not escape him; for his vigilance was great, his scent unerring.

Being fond of all sorts of delectable edibles, fish was, of course, on the major's list; and he was, fortunately, so situated locally as to put a good deal of enjoyment of this kind in his way. He lived, in the first place, in a village situated on the sea-coast, several of the wealthier inhabitants of which kept pleasure-boats, with which they went frequently a-fishing for amusement. Now, the movements of these boats the major watched with a sharp and wary eye, so that they could not land a tail, on returning from a piscatory expedition, without his presence or his knowledge. Hovering about on the coast, like a huge sea-gull, he pounced on the boat the moment it touched the strand; having been seen, some time previously, bowing, and scraping, and smiling to the party as they approached the shore. "Pleasant day, gentlemen, for your excursion; — excellent sport, I hope — some beautiful fish, no doubt. Ah! there now!" — (the major is now leaning over the gunwale, and pointing out with his cane some of the choicest specimens of the finny tribe which it contains,) — "there is a

lovely fish: three pound weight, if it's an ounce. There is another beautiful fish, — and there — and there — and there: all these are excellent." The amateur fishermen take the hint, and the major is invited to take a few. He runs up to the house: in a twinkling a servant-girl, with a clean towel or a basin, is at the side of the boat, with the major's compliments to "the gentlemen," and in another twinkling a dozen of the best fish are on their way to the major's kitchen!

WHAT IS LOVE?

'Tis a child of phansie's getting,
  Brought up between hope and fear,
Fed with smiles, grown by uniting
  Strong, and so kept by desire:
'Tis a perpetual vestal fire,
        Never dying,
Whose smoak, like incense, doth aspire
        Upwards flying.

It is a soft magnetick stone,
  Attracting hearts by sympathie,
Binding up close two souls in one
  Both discoursing secretlie:
'Tis the true Gordian knot that ties,
        Yet ne'er unbinds,
Fixing thus two lovers' eies
        As wel as minds.

'Tis the spheres' heavenly harmonie
  Where two skilful hands do strike;
And every sound expressively
  Marries sweetly with the like:

'Tis the world's everlasting chain,
That all things ti'd,
And bid them, like the fixed wain,
Unmov'd to bide.

DELIBERATION; OR, THE CHOICE.

"Oh! do come, Mary, into the garden; it is getting so beautiful. The lupines I sowed the other day are coming up already, and there are so many fresh roses out this morning."

"Just now, Jane, I am engaged."

"Oh! but I want you to tell me how to transplant some of my new flowers."

"Well, well; we'll see about it by and by. Why Jane, what is the matter with you! Tears in your eyes!"

"Hush — speak low! I want to see you alone."

"Come, then, into the garden. — Now, my dear Jane, what ails you?"

"Read that letter."

"What my eyes must have long since told you, my lips refuse any longer to conceal. I love you deeply, fervently, everlastingly. Should my fate have such a blessing in store for me as to render me worthy in your eyes, and to give me the most charming of women, it would indeed render me the happiest of men! I lay my all at your feet, and count every minute an hour till you bless me with one word of hope."

"This is indeed serious, though not otherwise than I expected and feared. Markham loves you. Yes, it was but too evident for his own peace of mind, or Maxwell's, who has beheld, with no unnatural impatience, this stranger's attention to you. Well, he must be answered at once. To leave him one moment in suspense were unpardonable. You must tell him you consider yourself engaged to another: if he be an honorable man, you will thus win his respect for your frank avowal, and at once cause him to dismiss from his mind all thoughts of further solicitation."

"Well, but — I mean — that is — hadn't I better show the letter to papa?"

"Not for the world, my dear sister. Why would you unnecessarily violate a confidence that a woman should ever hold sacred? —You do not answer me. Is it possible that you love this man, and that the noble-hearted being, who (Heaven forgive him!) almost idolizes you, is forgotten?"

"Well, sister, you are very sudden in your suppositions. Let us go in."

"One word first. Do you think *I* love you?"

"Oh, yes! Yet, forgive me this petulance —I am very miserable."

"Nay, my dearest, only sister, don't sob so. Here, come into the arbor. Let us now clearly

understand what it is we are to grieve and weep so about. I say we; for, believe me, whatever touches thy heart is not far from mine. Come, now, you were fond of asking my advice, and — O rare virtue! my sister, — generally to follow it. Why didst thou do so?"

"Because you always understood me, even when we differed; and your judgment was better than mine."

"Well, I will try to understand you once more. So, now your heart — mark me, your heart — and I will talk together. Do you love this Markham?"

"I am afraid to say No, and still more afraid to say Yes."

"At all events, you like him better for a husband than Maxwell?"

"Ye — yes!"

"How long have you known this stranger?"

"Three months."

"And Maxwell?"

"Thirteen years."

"Which loves you best?"

"Mark —— I don't know."

"That's my own sister. If we do choose his rival, we'll at least give poor Maxwell fair play. You think Markham handsome?"

"Oh, yes."

"And I own his rival plain, unless when he

is sometimes gazing on you, or when you speak suddenly to him. This stranger dresses well, too; his air is polished and gentlemanly, his manners agreeable. Anything more? Oh, yes! — as Othello says, he 'sings, plays, and dances well.' Anything more? Do you think his judgment good? — in poetry, for instance."

"He loves it dearly."

"For its own sake or yours? Well, we will pass that, and believe, as the young god could make a Cymon love, he may accomplish the still harder task, and make a fine gentleman poetical."

"Don't you think his disposition excellent?"

"As an impulse, yes, but no further; and therefore, as an impulse, liable to lead him as often wrong as right; to be always impelling him to attempt good and great things, but never rendering him capable of those patient and arduous exertions by which alone they are accomplished. But I will tell you something of him that has pleased me. What! your eyes sparkle at that. Poor old Widow Smith's son fell from a ladder the other day, and broke his leg, and almost at the same time his mother's heart. Mr. Markham happened to be passing at the time, and was indefatigable in his endeavors to get him carefully conveyed to the hospital; and when he left him at the door gave him some

money, having heard, on his way, that his parent was bedridden, and totally dependent on the man's exertions."

"Well, that was noble of him. Dear me! Poor old Widow Smith! I have heard nothing of this before. Who informed you of it?"

"One of the neighbors. I went this morning to the hospital, to see if I could do anything for the poor fellow. I found him better than I expected: some one, who had heard of the accident, and knew the impossibility of parent and son seeing each other in their distress, had visited them daily,—and oh! the value of kind feelings, kind thoughts, and kind words, at such a time! No medicines like them! Sitting by poor Smith's bedside, I found this excellent person; and he it was who told me of Mr. Markham's benevolence."

"And did he — that is, Mr. Markham — go to see poor Smith at the hospital?"

"I believe not."

"I wish he had. Who was this admirable man you have been speaking of?"

"Why, to be sure Mr. Markham's visit would have gratified the sufferer even more than his money; but to blame him for not doing more, is but an ill return for what he has done. Besides, an hospital is not, of all places in the world, the pleasantest to visit; and the person

I have alluded to had done all that was possible and requisite under the circumstances."

"Poor old Widow Smith! I'll go and see her directly. But who was it that praised Mr. Markham for his kindness, while so much more deserving praise himself? Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes; he is the best of men. When I first knew him, it was as the friend of him whom — but the time is favorable. You shall know now, for the first time, the particulars of that passage of my life you have so often asked me to explain. I could not then. Alas! I have no longer any motive or desire for concealment."

"My dear sister! how sadly you speak. Don't tell me now;—I have not seen you so moved this long time. Why there's a tear here!"

"Is there? May it then wash away the unhappy remembrance of his errors! I may now freely mourn over him in death; and, sad as that is, it is a relief to what I have endured. Oh, the misery of weeping hopelessly over the living! I can now trust myself to think of the only man I ever loved."

"Mr. Stewart, you mean?"

"I do. You know of our early engagement, our sudden unexplained separation. No! you were too young even to guess at the causes; and of his history you have hitherto heard so

little, that probably much of what I am about to speak will be new to you. William Stewart was the son of poor parents, and his early years were passed in scenes of daily privation and toil. Would that had been all! His father was a violent, self-willed, proud-tempered man, who had known better days; his mother was capable of almost any meanness. It is strange in what uncongenial soils and places the human mind will grow into strength and beauty. When I first knew Stewart, he was a frank, graceful-minded, happy-hearted youth, with a touch of ambition that promised to elevate and strengthen his character. Of his mother's disposition I perceived no traces in him; of his father's, very little. We wandered together through every part of the broad forest; we sat together for hours side by side on the river-banks; we collected plants, mosses, and lichens, which, as he gathered, I explained. I think I see him now climbing one of the loftiest oaks, to fetch me an apple, and shaking the boughs above him, which he could not reach, with such violence that I was alarmed for his safety; I still hear his clear, ringing laugh, as a bunch of the finest fruit fell at my feet. I was, indeed, but too happy! We parted; — he began the career we both believed would lead to success, comprising in that one word, honor, wealth, and

fame. Time passed, and we were again together; but, alas! the spirit that had so enthralled me had lost its brightness. He loved me still — he loved his parents; but all the rest of the world appeared only to him a subject for ridicule or hatred. One drop of disappointment had poisoned the whole cup of life; he had not prospered as he expected. To me there was nothing in this comparative failure but what ought to have been anticipated. I saw he must be less sanguine of immediate success, but not one jot less hopeful of the future. Alas! his aspirations had no stronger foundation than vanity; they crumbled and fell away at the first shock. The seeds of headstrong will, which an evil education had implanted, and which is but selfishness under another name, a different aspect had now germinated, and threatened, unless eradicated by a vigorous hand, to cover all that was good in his nature with their baleful luxuriance. He grew better in the few weeks, we spent together; became more patient and amiable; and, when the evil influences were not upon him, I loved him, from the very contrast, better than ever. Again we were severed; — he was to write to me continually — he wrote seldom. What the world calls love might not in his case have diminished; but I perceived, with unutterable agony, that my influence over

him was totally lost. Spare me the shame, the anguish, of recording the evidences of his increasing unworthiness, which continually reached me: suffice it to say, that the elevation of mind, the purity of heart, that won my love, totally disappeared, I felt, for ever."

"My dear sister!"

"For a long time I saw, though afar off, the dreadful end of all this; but I hoped until the last — I confided till I felt my own self-respect departing from me. Then it was I determined to break the toils that environed me, at all hazards. I wrote to him after long and inexpressibly painful meditation. I said, 'Our sympathies, our motives, are no longer in harmony with each other — let us part.' I did all I could to soften what I felt would be a blow to him, and at the same time to let him see my decision was final. Anxiously did I pray to Heaven to prepare me for the interview that I knew must follow. He came, and with him the friend I have mentioned. Oh, the agony of that scene! Prayers and threats prevailed by turns: one moment he denounced, in frenzied terms, my inconstancy, and even threw out insinuations as to my motives; the next he threw himself at my feet, and with streaming eyes abjured his errors, and more, to make himself all that I wished to see him. His friend interfered, and after warmly

checking him for his violence, which he saw I was fast sinking under, persuaded him to leave us awhile. He now proceeded to speak of Stewart in terms admirably calculated to influence my determination by influencing my judgment; he told me of various instances of his noble impulses, his generosity, of his deep, unbounded love for me, which he had witnessed. In justice to myself, I explained fully my feelings and motives; I showed him the gradual process of the alienation of our spirits; whilst, as to his violence of character, his friend owned, with a deep sigh, he could neither deny the charge nor explain it away. In answer I was assured, that although Mr. Stewart was his best, in fact, his only friend, his benefactor, and that he loved him as dearly as it was possible for one brother to love another, I should not be harassed, if he could help it, by distressing solicitation. He ended by conjuring me, for his unhappy friend's sake as well as my own future happiness, to hold out some hope — to give him at least the only motive that could redeem him. With broken accents he said, 'this, at least, for the very life of his friend,' he hoped. I shuddered; I could bear no more, but fainted away. When I recovered, I found Stewart and his friend bending over me; the former uttering a thousand incoherent passionate exclamations.

Dreading a recurrence of the fit, which Stewart's violence might bring on, his friend with great difficulty drew him away."

"Oh, this is dreadful indeed! What could you do?"

"I had overrated my strength — this was too much for me. The still small voice yet whispered within, 'He is beyond your power — recovery is hopeless,' but I could not deny him anything that even appeared to influence him for the better. I yielded so far as to agree still to correspond with him, although I could not, would not, now again see him. I knew he would have striven to induce me to make still further concessions, and God knows the anguish that I felt whenever I refused him a request. I knew also that, if any possibility of future happiness still existed for us, there was but one way to reach it, and that was, to deepen the impressions upon his mind of these painful scenes, so as to make their instruction permanent. His friend mournfully acquiesced in the propriety and necessity of my decision, and left me to inform Stewart of the result, which (must I own the painful truth?) I could not but hope would, on the whole, gratify him. I experienced also a relief, an unutterable relief, when I reflected that he had met a friend to watch over and guard him — perhaps to make him again — Oh!

I dared not carry that thought farther. When Stewart was informed of the result of his friend's visit, he was for a time speechless with anguish and baffled will; for hours he would not leave the spot, and was only withheld by force from coming here at midnight. At last mortification prevailed over all other feelings; he sent me a short note renouncing me for ever, and thus made his selfishness as evident as it was most cruelly ill-timed. I have never heard from him since that hour! I have been informed, within the last few days, that he is dead. My name was last upon his lips; he still loved me, and I now know him only as I first knew him. — My buried love! we may yet meet in another world, wiser and better for the mistakes and sorrows of this."

"Oh, Mary! that I should know nothing of all this! I, who have so often thought you cold and insensate! Can you forgive me, and let me love you better than ever? But this friend — "

"Ay; I have only learned by accident that, in consequence of his noble conduct towards me, Stewart and himself were long strangers, and that the latter lost not only a friend but a benefactor; for, humble as were Stewart's means, he had still been able to assist him in severe and distressing pecuniary anxieties, and

which were incalculably enhanced by the sudden estrangement. Whatever benefits, however, he had received, he was enabled to repay. Stewart died in his arms; the last hour of life cheered and solaced by his unwearied affection."

"Oh, Mary! I could indeed love that man."

"Art sure?"

"With all my heart and soul! — that is, if he loved me."

"Here then, he is now coming towards us."

"What, Maxwell!"

"Even he."

"Oh! if he knew my recent feelings, he would despise me now."

"Well, shall we accept this Markham?"

"No, no — never!"

"Hush, not so loud — Maxwell will hear you. What says that blush? — that he may? He seems agitated; perhaps he guesses what Markham has done — noticed, perhaps, your agitation when we withdrew. God bless you then, my dear sister! — you are worthy even of him, the worthiest man I know."

"Oh, no! Hush! don't go away."

"I'faith, a good hint. Adieu!"

THE VISIONARY.

My heart had dreams in childhood's hours,
  And then they were the bright and gay;
Their hauntings were with light and flowers,
  But soon their brightness passed away.

And then came visions darkly wild,
  Dim shadows that I loved to see;
Their presence sadder thoughts beguiled,
  And dreams became a home to me.

But now they glad my heart no more,
  Beneath their power its wings are bound;
Those dreamings, like the clinging flower,
  Have withered what they wreathed around.

The heart upon whose central page
  The spirit Love hath set his seal,
Where shall it seek, from youth to age,
  An image that its death can fill?

Amid the altars called his own,
  What sign can consecrate a sigh,
Whose incense is not claimed alone
  By selfishness and vanity?

The world, the world, the human world,
  The darkened stage of toil and strife,
The war-field where the flag's unfurled,
  Are those of agony and life.

Is it amid this jarring scene
  The heart can seek or find its home?
Where hate and suffering have been,
  Can love find aught except a tomb?

But earth — the bright and changing earth,
  Whose very strifes are harmony,
Linked even from his spirit's birth,
  With all of man that cannot die;

The greenwood shade, the river's rush,
  The gentle flower — the mighty sea —
Oh! these may claim the purest gush
  Of the heart's vital melody.

THE MARCH OF LUXURY.

About thirty years ago there lived, in a retired village fifteen miles from Glasgow, a decent farming couple, tolerably well to do. They were pure specimens of that agricultural genus which flourished in abundance before steam and machinery began to turn the world upside down — sturdy, honest, blunt, linsey-woolsey folks, who daily, night and morning, performed their devotions, ate huge messes of *parritch*, and never missed a Sunday at the kirk. They had, of course, a large family, stout healthy sons and daughters, who, in their infancy, cut their teeth without ever causing their parents to lose a wink of sleep, and as they grew up flourished, like their decent *forebears* before them, on

"Halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food."

Various circumstances caused the honest farmer to feel himself getting *warmer* and *warmer* as he advanced in years. A new road had been cut close by his farm; the secluded village began to be more frequented; a house of

"entertainment for man and beast" was established in it; increased facility of communication with such a market as Glasgow presented led to more frequent intercourse with it, douce Davie himself venturing there with potatoes, meal, and even *sour milk*, until "siller," whose clink had been rather unfrequent in his ears during his young days, became no novelty to him: though, in this instance, familiarity did not breed contempt.

But though every neighbor knew that Davie and Phemie were a comfortable couple, not an outward indication betrayed it. Duly did they preside at the head of their board; men and women, boys and girls, delving, with horn spoons, in wooden noggins heaped to the brim with smoking *parritch* or *sowens*. Davie was made an elder of the kirk; and on Sundays his thoughtful weather-beaten face might be regularly seen, as he stood at the kirk-door watching over the *plate:* for be it known to you, reader, at the entrance of Scottish kirks are placed metal plates resting upon stools, into which the worshippers, as they enter, chuck their *bawbees* for behoof of the poor. Phemie and the *bairns* were sure to be in their pew before the minister entered the pulpit: for though clad in all the gorgeousness of a scarlet *duffle* (Anglicè, a hooded cloak or mantle), such

an idea as taking care to be late, in order to attract attention, would never have entered into her head. Thus they went on, from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year; not an alteration could be seen, except that Davie and Phemie began to look as if they were sliding into years, and their children were fast shooting up from "laddies" and "lassies" into "braw" men and women.

"Changes are lightsome" is a Scottish saying, but it depends much on the nature of the changes whether they are so or not. One of the boys grew restless as he grew up; he got tired of the monotony of his country life; and having got hold of a tattered copy of Robinson Crusoe, he preferred it mightily to the catechism compiled by the assembly of divines at Westminster, which has been so long in general use in Scotland. Now and again he would talk about the sea; and his honest father, to divert him from such a purpose, would turn up the one hundred and seventh psalm, which so eloquently describes the dangers of those who "go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;" how when the storm rises, they "reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." But though this might silence the recusant landsman, it did not change his rambling resolution; he was not a fluent

debater, and when pressed home, he would carry his obstinacy up to a climax — "Weel, I'll gang to Glasgow, and list for a sodger." The young rogue soon found out what a tremendous influence this threat had upon his parents. Probably neither Davie nor Phemie had shed a tear since they passed the period of blubbering infancy; but the threat of the "graceless callant," that he would "gang and list for a sodger," would often make the tear start to their eyes; and more than once, the good old souls, on retiring to bed, instead of going off sound asleep, and, as the Irishman said, "paying attention to it," as in all their past lives they had never failed to do, would lie awake and cry like children at the idea of having in their carefully-trained household a "black sheep," who seemed likely to bring their "grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Jock (or to give him the somewhat more dignified appellation of Jack) disappeared one day; and the only tidings which the distressed parents could gather about him were some vague communications from neighbors, that he had intimated his intention to a few companions of never returning again. "It's a' owre wi' Jock noo," said Davie to Phemie, trying to look stern; "he's gane his ain gate; he's made his ain bed, and he may just lie doon in it." But Davie,

when he had uttered this speech, felt something tugging at his heart; he tried to appear unconcerned, but it would not do; so, in a choking kind of voice he exclaimed vehemently — "The *fule* that he is!" and stalked out of the house as if he were in high dudgeon, but in reality to hide that struggling parental feeling which was melting anger into sorrow. As for Phemie, she sighed, said nothing, sat down on a little stool, patted the floor with her foot, and was then obliged to take off her spectacles, and wipe the glasses, bedewed with tears.

But nothing very romantic resulted from Jock's adventure. He had gone to Glasgow, and had met with a shopkeeper, who dealt with his father in the articles of meal, potatoes, and butter, and who, from his experience of the unbending integrity of the honest old man, had contracted a warm regard for him. He now showed his friendship by inducing the runagate to reside with him until he could communicate with his father, which he did without loss of time. When Davie got the news, he gave a kind of grunting "Humph!" as if he did not care a button where his son was; but he set about getting horse and cart ready, and he and Phemie were on the road for Glasgow in about an hour afterwards. The old couple had never much to say to each other at any time; and on the present

occasion they probably did not exchange ten words in the course of the slow journey of fifteen miles. The cart at last rumbled through one or two of the streets of Glasgow, and finally stopped opposite a shop in the Gallowgate. Jock saw his father and mother arrive, and retreated into a little parlor, into which they were immediately afterwards ushered; and here the parents and son sat for a few minutes without a word of recognition proceeding from either side. At last Davie said, — "Weel, Jock, what do you think o' yersel' noo?"

"I think naething ava, father," replied the youth, doggedly; "I dinna think that I ha'e dune muckle that's wrang."

"Ye're a neer-do-well fellow, that's just what ye are — gin I had ye at home, I would ——" break your back, he was going to say; but he wisely checked himself, for it occurred to him that the best way of inducing his refractory son to return home was not by threatening prematurely.

The afternoon was somewhat advanced; and the kind shopkeeper urged this as a reason why the old people should become his guests for the night. There were, however, some difficulties in the way of acceptation. Phemie had never passed a night out of her parents' or her husband's house, and there seemed a kind of

undefinable strangeness, amounting almost to fear, at the idea of doing so now. Davie had seen rather more of the world than that: but he had never spent more than one night in Glasgow; and that was during the "fair," held annually at Midsummer, when he had been induced to spend such a large sum on "shows," and pies and porter, as to have left a blister mark on his memory. Davie and Phemie were at last, however, induced to stay; an opportunity occurred, by which the family at home would be made acquainted that night with the cause of their detention; and so the old couple sat down contented for the evening.

Tea was introduced. Davie had only tasted tea once before during his lifetime; and that "taste" induced him always to declare that he would sooner prefer the water in which a few straws had been boiled. But he was now induced to try tea once more; and though he handled the tiny, elegant, china tea-cups, not as if he loved them, but as if he was afraid that they would slip out of his horny hands, and get smashed, still he managed to drink three cups, and was graciously pleased to say that the stuff was better than he thought it was. Phemie, like a discreet woman, drank hers in matronly silence; carefully watching her female companions, and endeavoring, as well as she could,

to brandish her crockery after their approved fashion.

The shop was shut; and now — the first time in a long series of years — did douce Davie spend an evening without a supper of *parritch*. The Scotch are not a supper-eating race, in the English, or, perhaps, more strictly speaking, the London sense of the word "supper." But, at the time our story *lies*, the snug folks of Glasgow were not indifferent (and the habit has certainly not abated) to the comfort of rounding off their evenings with "just" a crust of bread and cheese, accompanied by a bottle of porter, or a glass of "toddy;" and therefore our friend, the shopkeeper, amongst other comforts, had adopted this comfort in particular. So, by-and-by, douce Davie and quiet Phemie witnessed in silence the placing of the china punch-bowl on the table, and the display of the pretty-looking cut glass; they had seen the like before at their minister's, but had always been of the opinion that a godly man might dispense with such superfluity; as for themselves — "Gude forgive them!" — they would just as soon think of flying in the face of Providence, as bring the glittering temptations within their walls. But a "Welsh rabbit," and one or two glasses of "toddy," had a most powerful effect on Davie's taciturnity; and he was soon in a condition to

listen to his friend the shopkeeper's proposal, which was, that Jock should stay with him, and learn the art and mystery of selling butter, meal, eggs, and potatoes, by retail. Jock had already given his joyful assent; for a residence in Glasgow, without danger, seemed to him, on the whole, not a bad substitute for a perilous post on the salt seas. The old man's consent was at last obtained; and Phemie quickly added hers. Another bowl of punch, or rather "toddy," was proposed to be made, to crown the success of the scheme: "Na, na," said the honest, resolute old man, "let us ha'e the books first," and when family worship was over, he and Phemie retired.

Next morning they were up betimes: breakfast was soon over; Jock was installed; and his parents were soon jogging homewards. Davie's emotions were those of a quiet kind of thankfulness that his son was in good hands. But Phemie, now that all was right with Jock, was brooding upon other thoughts. She was not naturally a narrow-minded woman: but having spent her youth under the humble roof of her parents; and from thence, having been transferred to the then as humble roof of her husband, she walked in his footsteps, with scarcely an idea beyond her earthen kitchen floor. But it so happened, that in her youth she had been

a companion of the shopkeeper's wife, and who, from being a Glasgow servant, had risen to be a comfortable shopmistress. Phemie was now contrasting her own appearance with that of her once youthful companion. Her imagination, whose wings had been bound, now made some fluttering attempts to fly — the tea, the china, the cut glass, the punch-bowl, and "knobs in the lobby for hanging the hats on," all struck her as marvellous nice enjoyments and conveniences. She had seen some of the youngsters of the family enter, and hang up their hats so "manfully" on these all-interesting "knobs;" and the idea hooked her fancy. Thus did she muse during her journey, leaving Davie to his own reflections.

We must now, as the scene-shifters say, suppose a period to have elapsed between what has passed and what is to come. Jock, who was not deficient in sense, gradually shook off his country loutishness, and exhibited appearances as if he was capable of receiving a Glasgow polish. He paid one or two visits to home, and then the strong contrast between his father's and his master's house became too obvious for him to hold his tongue. His family, also, remarked that Jock was becoming somewhat of a *comparative* gentleman; they began gradually to be proud of him, and to listen to him as an

oracle. He used to suggest alterations and improvements in the domestic concerns; and his mother, who had never forgot the "knobs," would tolerate all his reforming talk, merely trying to silence him, now and again, with "Hoot awa, ye daft fallow!" But, still, nobody ventured to insinuate any destructive projects to the old man.

One of Jock's sisters was invited to spend a few days in Glasgow; and she returned, not only with a very lively impression of the convenience of "knobs in the lobby," but actually with — a pound of tea! How to break this fact to the old man was a puzzle. The female portion of the household at last entered into a regular conspiracy to brave his anger: unknown to him, the minister, and the minister's wife and daughter were invited, tea-cups were borrowed, and Davie, on his return from the field, was rather startled at the scene. He appeared, however, to take it very good-humoredly; and condescended to honor his guests by partaking of the tea; but, scorning to drink it in his own house out of a borrowed vessel, it was served up to him in a brown earthen-ware basin, and he supped it with a horn spoon. Phemie was afraid of the consequences of leaving her husband in solitary singularity, so she caused her tea to be served up in like manner, the daughter being

mistress of the ceremonies, and the spectacle of the two old folks sipping away with horn spoons was, perhaps, as funny an affair as ever occurred in the annals of tea-drinking.

The ice was broken; tea was fairly introduced into the household; the old man, with a little grumbling, consented to pay for a tea-service; and Phemie, who soon found out that the constant use of *parritch* gave both herself and daughters the *heartburn*, gradually established the habitual use of tea for the female portion of the family, and occasionally for the men, such as on a Sunday afternoon. The change produced was amazing. The old man was confounded one day by being told that *John* was coming to visit them on the following day. "Do ye mean *Jock?*" said he. Yet, even as he spoke, the difference between *Jock* and *John* struck on his own dull ear. He said nothing; but when Jock arrived, the whole family were delighted by the visible evidence the old man gave of being fairly on the road to refinement—for, though yet unable to say *John*, he hailed his son cordially—"Weel, Johnnie, hoo are ye the day?"

Some time after, a strange rumor ran through the village, that douce Davie was about to pull down his old thatch-covered house, and to build

a snug slated habitation in its stead. Wherever two or three women could be gathered together, the subject was discussed. One pious lady thought she saw a *fulfilment* of that parable which speaks about the fool whose soul was required of him, when he pulled down his barns, and built greater. Another was eager to impress her auditors with a due sense of her far-seeing or prophetic powers, repeatedly affirming, that she had predicted all this from the moment she heard that tea had been introduced into the house. A third remarked how nice and fine the daughters were getting, and how *thick* they had become with the minister's wife and daughter — even Jock himself, whom she remembered as a dirty, barefooted boy, was becoming quite a *braw* young gentleman. "Wheest, wheest!" says a fourth, with a satirical lowering of the tone of her voice; "it's no Jock noo, na, na! naething will serve their turn but *Mister John!*" "Ay," chimed in a fifth, "the auld fule gets nae ither name, even frae Phemie, but D*aa*vid! — what do ye think o' that!" "See till him, see till him!" screamed out a sixth, and, sure enough, in the direction of her pointed finger, douce Davie was seen approaching in all the dignity of a new broad-brimmed hat, and — top boots! The very chil-

dren ran to the doors, to gaze on the spectacle. "Gude e'en to ye," said one of the more forward of the women, and Davie, returning the salutation, inquired after her health, and that of her companions, with their respective families. While he stood talking with them, the women seemed to vie with each other in showing him an unusual degree of respectful attention: but the moment he set forward in his homeward walk, a tittering ran through the group, one malicious creature hoping he was not touched in the head, and another, "willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike," devoutly trusted that all was right with the "siller" that was gathered at the kirk-door for the poor.

Davie's slated house soon arose, at a short distance from his old cottage; some nice furniture was brought out from Glasgow to adorn it; and Jock — we beg pardon, Mr. John — now felt that he could introduce Glasgow companions to see the modest decency of his father's house. The old man himself began to stir with ambitious projects. In conjunction with a Glasgow manufacturer, he built a row of cottages, and introduced into the village the sound of the loom. An entire change came over the aspect of the place. Davie's example was imitated, not indeed by the old residents, whom the alterations

annoyed, but by many of the more modern intruders — the "incomers," as they were contemptuously styled — by those who thought they had a patent right to the exclusive possession of the place. One of Davie's younger daughters, who had been sent to a Glasgow school, returned, and brought a piano-forte with her, though, it must be confessed, if it had been put to Davie whether or not it was only a piano-*twenty*, he would have found it hard to answer the question. The old minister of the parish was removed to a better living, and the new minister, a young bachelor, married Davie's eldest daughter. John, who had started into business, drove his own gig. And Davie himself, booted and spurred, might be seen jogging through the main street of the village on a sleek mare: had all this been held up to him in vision a few years before, he would have started back, and exclaimed, "Am I a dog, that I should do such a thing!"

But there is an end of all things; and there was an end of Davie and Phemie. He died first, fairly and properly dividing his worldly goods amongst his descendants; and Phemie went to live with her son-in-law the minister. John came to London, leaving his Glasgow business to a younger brother. Here he has ever

since flourished; is a wealthy ship-owner, an influential director in more than one company, wears civic honors, and reposes at night — oh, that the ghost of his father could see it! — on a china-posted bedstead.

THE BEAUTIFUL, THE GOOD, AND THE TRUE.

BY JOHN PATCH, ESQ.

THE BEAUTIFUL! — seek ye the prize
In fairy scenes and houris' eyes;
In virtuous woman, lovely as a star? —
Deluded one! seek it not there.

Dost thou hope to paint the rose,
Wet with morning dew?
To emulate, with artist hand,
The rainbow's irised hue?
To cage the thrilling notes that fire
The soul, when music wakes the lyre?

Rival Nature wouldst thou, rash one?
Make a grain of sand! —
Paint the poet's dreams elysian
Of the spirit-land!
The Beautiful! — it lies within thine own control —
Seek earnestly, and thou shalt find it in thy *soul.*

The Good! — how dare we name it in these days,
When sectaries monopoly in goodness claim?
Our noblest deeds — how faulty, blind, and lame,
If not accordant with *their* righteous ways!
The Good! — what is it — substance or a shade,
That man should so debase what God so perfect made?

To feed the hungry, clothe the naked,
And forgive an erring brother, —
This we know is *not* a shadow;
For 'twas taught us by our mother,
When we sat upon her knee,
And sang our own sweet lullaby.

The Good! — it is an auction chattel —
He who bids the highest gets it —
Fame is loudest in the praise
Of the purchaser who *pays;*
And 'tis set to his account
Who gives in current gold the largest cash amount.

The True! — God's portrait! — symbol of
the Holy! —
The *holiest* of holies is its shrine —
Found oftenest in the bosoms of the lowly,
Like diamonds secreted in the mine:
To its attainment dost thy soul aspire?
Look higher — and *still* higher.

Look upward — press onward —
Loiter not upon the way;
When thou standest on Truth's summit,
Thou shalt view a boundless sea,
And thy soul in that high heaven of fruition
SHALL BE FREE!

COMMON EVENTS.

During two years of a delicious portion of my life, my leisure was devoted to her whose life is now devoted to mine. Three or four evenings each week, and every Sunday, were considered as sacred to each other: we walked, talked, laughed, and whispered in perfect unison; went to church regularly, and returned, commenting on the services of the day. Reposing in one another mutual and entire confidence, and looking forward to a "common event" as the natural termination of our present attachment, we had no "lovers' quarrels," no fears, no jealousies; the course of *our* "true love" was as smooth as the surface of a placid lake on a summer's eve.

There was but one circumstance which threw a bitter into my gentle girl's cup of happiness, and disturbed the serenity of her temper. In going and coming, we had to pass a house which contained a large family of grown-up daughters, and these had the idle habit of perpetually staring out from their parlor window into a quiet little street, whose chief events were the passing of the baker, the butcher, the

beggar, or the ballad-singer. We, of course, were conspicuous objects for the "broad stares" of what the Scotch call "tawpies," an expressive word for idle, hoyden girls; and as the window was scarcely ever without a sentinel, our approach was telegraphed; "along the line the signal ran," and some seven or eight heads were presently seen bobbing over one another, like fish leaping in the water. Nothing annoyed my companion more than to have regularly to run the gauntlet of observation from these "*idle* creatures," as she rather bitterly termed them. She could not change a ribbon on her bonnet, or alter a boot-lace, without its being carefully noted. I knew, also, that I was diligently scrutinized by these diligent observers, who "read off," as the astronomers say, my air, aspect, height, walk, complexion, dress, &c., &c., not without an occasional sneering comparison (what an abominable thing it is for a young woman to *sneer!* — the almost unfailing indication of a selfish disposition), but I did not mind it — or rather I liked the "joke." A coarse or a common mind would have enjoyed the triumph of having an attentive "bachelor" to parade regularly before half-a-dozen damsels, not one of whom could boast that a "bachelor" ever entered their door; but Eliza held the faith that *all* young women should be married, and

comfortably married too; and therefore she shrank from provoking envy, where no envy should exist. Passing this, however, I may repeat that these girls were almost the only troublers of our quiet and happy courtship: but so sensitive was Eliza, that, as there was no other way of getting out of the street than by passing the window of the "tawpies," we have frequently sat till it was dark, and thereby lost our evening's walk, rather than go out in daylight and pass under the ordeal of observation.

The wedding-day was fixed, and time flew on. We were a "sensible" couple, and resolved that our wedding should be sober and sedate — a quiet breakfast with a few choice friends after the important ceremony, and a still quieter excursion. In fact, being so *very* "sensible," our imaginations vaulted beyond the wedding-day, and sketched out our future domestic felicity. Eliza wanted a nice little cottage "out of town," where, at the garden-gate, on summer evenings, she would watch for me as I returned fatigued from business; and I, on my part, saw my own dear wife, the "light and life" of my existence, moving about my own house, more as an angel than a woman, and making my fireside radiant. Nay, we speculated, too, about our prospective family; and though Eliza blushed, and smiled and laughed,

her imagination had already dressed up three or four delightful little creatures with "golden" hair, clear complexions, sparkling eyes, and loud, ringing, merry voices. Then we shook our heads about the awful responsibility of a family; and we laid down plans about how they were to be brought up, educated, and provided for; and we resolved to be economical in our expenses, correct in our deportment, and exact in all our doings — our prospective children were to become little models for the human race. What a deal of romance there is in the hearts of a fond young couple, to be gradually dissipated by broken china bowls, smashed toys, and a number of little *et ceteras*, "too numerous to mention!"

About three o'clock on a dark, dreary, stormy November morning, I was suddenly roused out of a profound sleep by somebody shaking my shoulder and flaring a candle in my face. When very fatigued, as was the case on the present occasion, I am, like some wild animals, difficult to be awakened, and usually stare in bewilderment before comprehension exerts its influence. "You did not hear me," said a voice; "I knocked first at the door, and then

made bold to enter. You had better get up, sir, for mistress is becoming very bad."

The words of the summons were very indistinctly heard, but I knew the cause; so I drawled out, "Ye-es, I'll get up, immediately." So saying, I sank back in the bed, and was in an instant once more in a sound sleep.

I do not know whether I slept five minutes or an hour, but I was startled by a sharp clicking, caused by the sudden turning of the handle of the door, and the hasty reëntry of my disturber. "Oh, sir, you must get up, you must indeed! I'll leave the candle, sir, but you must be smart."

The voice was the voice of one of a privileged class, who, like the fools of the ancient time, sometimes presume on their prerogative. There was no time, however, for ceremony on the present occasion. "Yes, nurse," I replied, "I'll be up instantly;" and as at that moment a moan struck on my ear, proceeding from the adjoining bed-room, my heart spoke to my heels; — I was on the floor and dressed in a minute.

The wind blew in gusts, the windows danced in their frames, and the rain splashed against the glass. My poor wife tried to hide her agony, and apologized for raising me, though the apology was interrupted by a scream. "Oh, my dear, I am so sorry — but nurse thinks the doctor

should be sent for." The house shook, at that moment, to the very foundations. "Really, William, I cannot think of letting you go out — you'll be killed by the falling of some chimney-top — send Mary."

Now, I had no particular fancy for going out; but to let the girl go rather jarred with my selfishness. "No, no, my dear, you'll require Mary yourself — I wont be many minutes."

"Well, William, wrap yourself up; take care of yourself. Nurse, go down and help him on with his great-coat — William, take care — oh!"

"Poor dear soul!" said I to myself, as I went out; "thinking of me in the midst of her own suffering. Well, after all, the women are a good set — I hope my poor wife will get well over it!"

In about ten minutes I was standing at the door of a corner house, with my hand on the brass handle of a bell-pull, round which were engraved the words "Night Bell." It answered my rather vigorous pull with a loud and long-continued reverberation. Meantime I tried to shelter myself within the doorway, for the wind howled round me, and the rain battered and slashed at me, as if it were glad to get a solitary victim who could feel its violence. Nobody came. I rang again. Nobody answered.

The interval might be five minutes, but at that moment I could have sworn in a court of justice that I had stood there half the night. I pulled the third time, and the bell seemed destined to ring for ever, while I made the knocker do the work of a sledge-hammer. At last a footstep shuffled along the passage; the door-chain rattled; the bolts were withdrawn; the key was turned, and a head, the front of which must have weighed heavy from the profusion of its papers, projected, like the Irishman's gun, "round the corner."

"Rouse up Dr. Nugent — tell him *I* want him."

"Oh, sir, he's out — but he left word he should be sent for. Are you from Angel-place, sir?"

"Yes, yes, yes — where *is* the doctor? I will go for him myself."

"At No. 20, Manchester Terrace — just turn round, and ——"

The rest of the direction might or might not have been given. I knew whereabouts Manchester Terrace lay, so off I ran, at full gallop, facing wind and rain.

Arrived at the terrace, I saw a long row of houses, every door alike, every knocker alike, and every area alike. I began to doubt whether or not it were twenty or thirty I had to call at,

and I paused to consider. The wind drove me onwards, and I began to get angry with myself; my anger only confused my recollection the more. I was now uncertain whether it might not be thirty-six, or forty-six, or fifty-six. "Drat babies, doctors, nurses, and all!" I exclaimed; "what the plague brings me here?" I looked upwards to see if I could discern any symptoms of bustle, or any glimmering indications that human beings were watching the agonies of human beings. Every window and every house seemed dark and silent as the grave. I now looked round for the watchman, or for anybody who by instinct or observation might help me to detect the presence of a doctor in some one of the "uniformities" of Manchester Terrace. Not a living soul could I see. I knocked at thirty-six — no answer. I knocked at forty-six — the same result. In a passion I knocked and rang at fifty-six, and presently high above-head I heard the whistling sound of a window thrown up, and a deep voice called out, "Well, sir, what do *you* want?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I am afraid I am mistaken, but I thought Doctor Nugent was here."

"No!" thundered the voice, and the window thundered down after it.

Drenched with rain, and out of humor with

myself, I blamed the flickering lamps for making me forget the number, and then resolved to run back and give the doctor's servant a good "blowing-up," which she would remember for some time. Turning the corner, I came in rather violent contact with a man wrapped in a cloak, and could have throttled him. Shame, however, succeeded to wrath when I discovered in my antagonist the "Doctor" I was in search of.

"Oh, doctor," said I, "this is lucky — I have been seeking for you like a fool, up and down here. Come along."

We walked for a little way in silence, for the doctor was a thoughtful man and had left a death-bed. I *should* talk, however. "Well, now, doctor, this circumstance of strangers coming home in the night-time is not very pleasant. I am rather out of humor with the joke."

"Sir," said the doctor, "your wife at home thinks it no joke, and I fancy she has the worst of the bargain. Do you not think, now, that if *your* safety, or even your comfort required it, she would go out for you, if it were raining cats and dogs?"

I need not record my answer, nor tell whether it were in the affirmative or negative. We shortly arrived at home; I went

down stairs to dry myself at the kitchen fire, and the doctor went up stairs to—his patient I was going to say, but that is not exactly the word.

By-and-by, down came the nurse, her looks full of importance, but struggling to maintain her professional equanimity. A few orders were given to Mary, and Mary flew like a mad-cap, evincing by her excited manner how highly she estimated the honor of even a very humble share in the important proceedings. Then, approaching the fire, where I was standing, nurse muttered a "Beg your pardon, sir," in a tone which seemed to insinuate that I ought to beg *her* pardon and get out of the way. I never felt so insignificant in my life.

Left for some time to myself, I became uneasy, and went on the stairs to listen if "anybody were coming." I heard the bed-room door open, and presently a shrill scream announced the important fact that I was a papa, and the father of a child blessed with excellent lungs.

Mary now descended, her face as round and as full as the moon, and "wreathed with smiles." "I wish you much joy, sir; you have got a son." "Indeed, I am glad it is a boy." "Well then, sir, it is as pretty a baby as I have seen this many a day." I gave Mary half-a-

crown. "Thank you, sir — well, I'm sure you will quite doat on the little dear — it's a fine baby, sir, and *so* large!"

The *size* of a baby is an essential ingredient in its value. So think the women; and, reader, if you ever visit on such an occasion, beware how you drop a syllable about the little thing being little, even if you should think it could be immersed in a pint vessel.

Up went Mary; and down she came again, to desire me to walk up to see my son. At the door the doctor met me, and we shook hands; and the nurse, sitting in all the glory of her state, called on me to come over and see what a fine little fellow he was. But I went to the mother first; kissed her, and she looked up in my face with such an aspect of *triumphant* affection, that I loved her more than ever. Then I went to visit my son. "Take him in your arms, sir," said the nurse; "isn't he a glorious little fellow?"

I had never in my life seen a new-born baby. I was the youngest of my father's family, and circumstances so happened that I had never seen a child younger than three weeks or a month old. I now felt shocked. Had it been any other person's child, I could have *philosophised* on the matter; but *my* child — *my* first-born — the child

of her whom I had loved with all the ardor of a youth, and now with all the graver yet stronger attachment of a man—it was shocking—horrible. The little thing seemed so very little, measured by my usual habits of comparison, — it seemed so helpless, so miserable, and — the skin of its face hanging loosely — so like a little old man, and therefore so ugly — that I involuntarily turned away.

"Well now," exclaimed the nurse, who had marked the expression of my countenance, "what's the matter with master? Isn't it a pretty little dear?"

"No!" I replied rather fiercely, and walked away. My wife followed me with her eyes — she could not divine the cause. Mary and the nurse were in raptures with the child; both affirmed it to be so large and so pretty, and the doctor, though not so extravagant in his encomiums, still pronounced it to be a very healthy, fine boy. "Are you sorry it is born, William?" said my wife, gently, while the tears were in her eyes. I now felt the necessity of acting the *hypocrite*, if I did not wish to agitate, perhaps dangerously, her whom I really loved. "No, no, Eliza, no, no! my feelings were so much excited about *you!*" I kissed her again, and went over to look a second time at my son. The features were small and regular, and an

experienced eye might easily have prognosticated that the child would *become* a very pretty child. But, as I gazed on it, the face became distorted, preliminary to a scream; and the idea of its smallness and its ugliness so fastened on me, that I was obliged to retreat from the room, under pretence of faintness and fatigue.

In truth, it is a great mistake which the women commit in supposing that men generally feel interest in new-born babies. Whenever we hear a happy father chiming in with the chorus — "glorious little fellow — pretty little dear — great, stout, beautiful baby!" we set him down either as partly a fool, or partly enacting the hypocrite. The feeling of the MOTHER has been growing for months before the stranger makes its appearance, and her interest in it is identified with herself. But the feeling of the FATHER cannot properly be stirred till the little eyes begin to beam with intelligence, and a smile plays over the face of the child.

On coming home one afternoon, Mary opened the door, sobbing convulsively. "Oh, sir! oh, sir! little Johnny!" I flew up stairs, and found my darling boy in a fit. He was then about fifteen months old — could toddle

about the room — and was, to my apprehension, a singularly interesting and attractive child. From about the time that he was three months old, he had been gradually gaining on my affections, and now he was enshrined in my "heart of hearts." He lay on a pillow on his mother's knees; and the pale and passionless expression of her countenance too plainly told me that the shock had been sudden, and was serious enough to absorb her tears. The doctor, also, was present; a warm bath had been administered, and another was ordered. Seizing the doctor by the arm, I led him out of the room, and when out of hearing of the mother, I gasped out, "Tell me, sir, is my child in danger?"

"Yes," was the firm reply; "but while there is life, there is hope."

"Oh, don't talk to me about hope — is my child dying?"

"Compose yourself, my dear sir, and go down stairs for a few minutes: we are trying what we can do for him, and you must wait the result — children have many lives."

"Children have many lives!" I muttered, as I walked away. The idea of the death of my son was quite stupifying. I had left him in apparently robust health in the morning — that very day I had been speculating on his growing

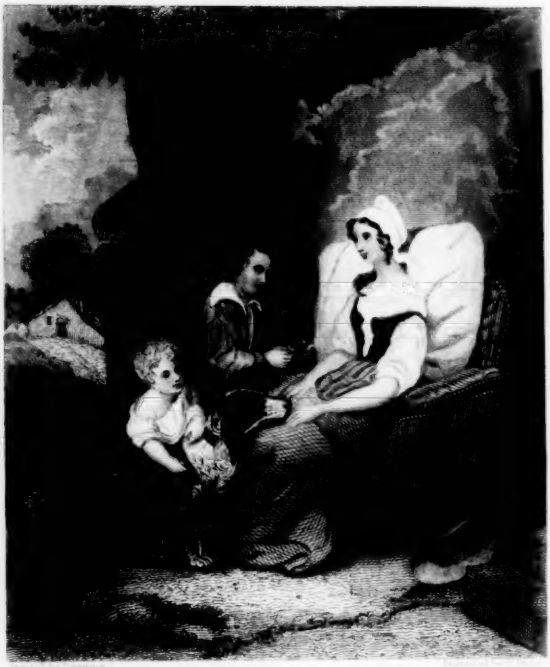
up, and becoming the little delightful babbling companion of my walks — and here he was in the jaws of death! If I ever prayed in earnestness, I prayed now — I went out into the garden, and looking up to the sky, prayed in convulsive, silent agony, that God would spare my child!

Towards evening he revived, though apparently much exhausted, having, in addition to successive warm baths, been copiously bled and blistered. Poor little fellow! he recognized his father, and stretched out his hands. I took him, in my arms, on his pillow, and walked with him up and down the room. "Are you better, my dear?" I said, and the little fellow smiled, as if thanking me for the interest I felt on his behalf. How my heart yearned! — I thought it had been impossible for me to feel *deep* interest on behalf of a young child, even if that child were my own. Now, I felt as if I could lay down untold money at the feet of the man who would save him.

The doctor was gone; but had left strict orders to be sent for if the slightest change should take place. The child fell into a placid slumber; and his mother and I sat down together, watching him with hope and fear. But towards the middle of the night a change took place — he became rapidly worse, and before

morning dawned the "light of my eyes" was dead!

Some days afterwards, I went about my business as usual, and, among others, encountered an individual, with whom I was on intimate terms — a hearty, jocular man, and to whom a laugh was far more congenial than a tear. He first expressed his sympathy, but in a tone so ludicrous, that I could not resist a smile. Mistaking my smile for the absence of sorrow, he began to joke, and, in what he thought a very funny way, told me not to fret. From that moment my heart turned against him; and, at this distance of time, I still regard him as the brute who joked over the grave of my first-born.



THE DEVOTED SON.

Why mourn'st thou, Mother? why has pain
  Its furrows to thy pale brow given?
  Seek not to hold thyself from heaven!
'Tis heaven that draws, — resign thou, then.

Yes, — banish every futile tear,
  And offer to its source above,
  In gratitude and humble love,
The choicest of thy treasures here.

We murmur, if the bark should strand;
  But not, when, richly laden, she
  Comes from the wild and raging sea,
Within a haven safe to land.

We murmur, if the balm be shed;
  Yes, — murmur for the odor's sake;
  But not, whene'er the glass may break,
If that which filled it be not fled.

He strives in vain who seeks to stay
  The bounding waters in their course,
  When hurled from rocks with giant force,
Towards some calm and spacious bay.

Thus turns the earthly globe ; — though o'er
His infant's corse a father mourn,
Or child bedew its parents' urn, —
Death passes neither house nor door.

Blest is the mind, that, fixed and free,
To wanton pleasures scorns to yield,
And wards, as with a pliant shield,
The arrows of adversity.

THE SMUGGLER.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

In the autumn of the year 18——, there dwelt in a retired part of the wretched town of Flushing, not far from the sea-side, an English family. The house in which they resided looked mean and solitary; the upper part had not even the appearance of having been tenanted for many years.

It stood by itself, and its gray walls looked dreary and cheerless, like the walls of a prison; a small court-yard separated the building from the road, but it was neglected and overgrown with weeds. The swallow built its nest unmolested under the eaves of the house, and the jackdaw seemed disposed to take possession of the chimneys. On the particular day with which my story commences, the window-shutters on the ground floor were partially closed, although the sun was yet some degrees above the horizon; and one or two which had escaped the rusty hold-fasts in the wall, swung backwards and forwards, creaking mournfully on their hinges. Even at midsummer, or upon the

brightest day, this dwelling had a cold wintry appearance, and the barking of a fierce wolf-dog whenever a stranger approached, was the only noise to denote that life existed there. But although its external appearance bespoke inanimate poverty and wretchedness, there were inmates there who, though they cared not to attract the notice of the passers-by, had that knowledge of comfort of which the blazing fire and the neatly-spread table within gave ample proof.

I have said that the sun was still some degrees above the horizon — so it was; but the time-piece was the only evidence of that fact, for, bright as it may have shone in other parts, its intense light could not penetrate the rolling clouds which continued since noon to hang heavily over this marshy land. The air was unusually close, heavy, and oppressive. The morning had opened with a dazzling watery sun, but towards mid-day the sky became overcast. The copper tinge in the heavens, and the distant peals of thunder, at first but indistinctly heard, denoted the gathering storm. The cattle grazing in the fields no longer cropped the fragrant herbage (although from the recent heavy autumnal rains the verdure looked as fresh and as green as in the month of May), and the evening song of the little birds was hushed in silence.

Towards night-fall, a low cautious tap at the door of the solitary residence attracted the attention of its inmates, who were seated round the fire. Although it was scarcely discernable, from the heavy rain which dashed against the window-shutters, the elder of the family rose from his seat, and approaching the entrance, waited in silence until the knock was repeated. He then raised the latch at a given signal, and a young man in the ordinary dress of a sailor entered the apartment, muttering, in a dissatisfied indistinct tone, a seaman's anathema against the weather. Without noticing the inmates, most of whom rose on his entrance, he proceeded, very much after the fashion of a Newfoundland dog just out of the water, to shake off the large drops of rain which sparkled like crystals on the shaggy nap of his Flushing jacket, and removing his neckerchief, which was nearly saturated by the wet trickling down his neck, he seated himself opposite the fire with the air of a man who knew himself to be an intimate, if not a welcome guest.

"Well, Roderick," said the old man, as he resumed his Dutch pipe within the alcove of the blazing fire, "we have a roughish night of it."

"Why yes," replied the young sailor, "I guess as how we have a roughish sort of night of it indeed; that's as be, if the wind blowing

great guns and small arms, and the rain battering about one's ears like marlin-spikes points downwards, can make it so. For my own part, I'm not to say over-nice about the weather at the best o' times; but one hardly reckons on being taken aback, as it were, by a December breeze like this, afore the autumn is well over one's head."

"Poh, poh, Roderick," observed the old man, smilingly; "never stand about the rain, my boy; if the gale batters about our heads, why it batters about the heads of others as well; and there'll be less chance of cruisers in the Channel to-night. Come, Nance, my old girl, let's splice the mainbrace; Roderick wont refuse to drink the good old toast of 'The ship that goes, the wind that blows, and the lass that loves a sailor.'"

The woman thus addressed was the old man's wife, and the mother of his family. She was a woman of superior intellectual endowments, although lowly, meek, and humble; and she filled the station which Providence had assigned her with feminine care and assiduity. She moved about the apartment with noiseless activity, the general sweetness of her heart dispensed happiness around her, and she was never more cheerful than when providing for the comforts of him upon whom the fondness of the

woman had settled — and what can there be on this earth to equal the intensity of a woman's love? What said the smuggler to this partner of his existence, when his only son died in her arms, and in the intense agony of her grief the world appeared at that moment void of anything that could bring comfort to her mind? — "Nance, thou wert bidden to eat of my bread, and to drink of my cup; they shall yet be made sweet to thee; I will give, and thou shalt enjoy — be thou yet retained to cheer a blighted home!"

The fragrant Scheidam, and a pitcher of spring-water, clear as crystal, were placed on the table. The old man helped himself sparingly, for he had not yet had his evening meal, but the young sailor did ample justice to the proposed toast.

The head of this family was a man in robust health, tall, and of powerful sinew; age had not yet crippled his manly form, although nearly seventy winters and exposure to a variety of climes, may have varied the once dark color of his hair to an iron grey; his arms were yet strong and muscular, and it might have been profitable to those who had any dealings with him to count him rather as a friend than an enemy.

His features were strikingly prominent; his

forehead, from which his bristly hair was combed back, projected over very large black eyes, of calm yet dignified expression; his high cheek-bones were covered to their apex by long wiry whiskers, which united in a thick bushy cluster underneath the chin; the throat and part of the chest were quite bare, and his complexion might have been sallow, but for the neutral tint between a red and brown, which had so effectually bronzed it.

But though calm and dignified, the traces of an anxious mind were apparent in the sunken eye and furrowed cheek, worn as it were by thought and care, rather than by grief or old age. Yet the hardihood of his manner, the activity of his movements, and the profession to which he appeared to belong, added to his determined tone, gave to his general outline a freedom of action of that elastic character which seemed to promise that he had yet many years of the sands of life to run.

His dress was simply that of the humble mariner, partaking in part the costume of the Dutch fisherman with that of the Folkstone pilot; and he looked like a brave man, who although perhaps not easily excited, would, for that reason, be the less easily subdued.

The life *he* led, for I cannot designate him by any name — a false one I will not, his real

one I cannot give him — was that of a smuggler. He had been forced into it by circumstances of a singular and uncontrollable nature, and although the commencement of such a life may have been repugnant to his feelings, its attractions and the prospect of soon realizing a fortune dazzled his ardent mind, and in time habit had strongly attached him to it.

Often, in the anguish of a woman's fears, had his wife hung on his neck with intense feeling, beseeching him, for the sake of those whom Providence had confided to his care, to relinquish the doubtful, dangerous, indefensible trade of a contrabandist; and strongly did she urge those long restless nights of misery, when, in the stillness of feverish repose, the image of her husband has haunted her in a thousand frightful forms; at one moment betrayed into the hands of a watchful enemy, or, at another, driven upon the rocks, and carried from her grasp by the receding surge into the deep waters; but hitherto her efforts had been unavailing.

The smuggler was a native of Cornwall, and in early life commanded a fine trading sloop which his father had bequeathed him. He told me himself (poor fellow!) that she was the pride of his heart, and a tighter built craft had

never sailed from Fowey. He had made three prosperous trips in her, when a continued storm drove him off the land, and for nine days he beat about the narrow channel, without a single glimpse of sun or star to tell him where he was. On the morning of the tenth day it blew a hurricane; his little sea-boat labored in the trough of the heavy sea, and although he could not show a stitch of canvas, he had hope of weathering the storm, when the mist suddenly cleared away, and he found himself upon a lee-shore, drifting rapidly towards the rocks. An enemy's port lay within his reach; by prompt and energetic management he might yet weather the breakers, and round the light-house at the eastern extremity of the harbor; but then he must surrender himself, his vessel, and his cargo, and become a prisoner of war — to endure, perhaps, years of wretched confinement. However, he had not even time to dwell upon the misery of such an alternative; the moment was critical, and by instant decision could he alone hope to rescue himself and his crew from the perils of the deep. Quick in his resolve, he ordered the only sail he had left to be hoisted — the little vessel dashed through the foamy water, and in half an hour from the moment he discovered the land, he and his exhausted crew were con-

signed to the custody of the gendarmes, and all the property he possessed in this world was lost to him for ever.

He then became the agent of a smuggling concern, from which he progressively merged into that of a principal, and afterwards removed to Flushing, where he was joined by his wife and family.

Having given this short sketch of the early life of the smuggler, which it is perhaps as well the reader should know, we now return to the solitary dwelling.

"Well, Roderick," inquired the smuggler, "have you got all the bales on board?"

"Ay, master," answered Roderick, who was the mate of the vessel in question, "the last bale was snug under hatches and well battened down afore I put my foot ashore; and as for that lubberly-looking rascal who has been backing and filling in my wake the whole of this blessed day, I only wish I had the chap in blue water, and if I would'nt show him the tilting end of a plank, my name's not Bill Roderick."

"Poh, poh," said the smuggler, "you and I have lived too long in a wood to be frightened by an owl, Roderick; and as for the matter of that dodging scoundrel, why let him do his best — I know him well, the sneaking hypocrite! All he can say now will hardly reach the other

side of the water, if we once get this night's breeze well under the stern of the little Seadrift.

"With our pockets well lined, why our lives shall be mended,
The laws of our country we ne'er will break more."

Although the skipper of the Seadrift quoted the outrage on the laws of his country, when he sang this fragment of Dibdin's well-known song, few men thought less lightly of the guilt attached to it than he did.

Whether this proceeded from a singular absence of that moral sense which tells a man the distinction between right and wrong, or whether the smuggler deemed himself justified in doing that for his livelihood which, had he abstained from when the opportunity offered, hundreds of other men would have embarked in, I cannot pretend to say; but as his was a cool reflecting mind, I should rather attribute it to the latter cause, although in the first onset of his bold career the risk he incurred might have brought the first home to his untutored feelings. However that might be, habit and prosperous voyages had so far effectually banished such qualms of conscience from the breast of the hardy mariner, that he now considered it as much a part of his duty to defend, at the risk of his own life and regardless of the sacrifice it might cause of

others, his contraband property, as strenuously as, on the other hand, he would have fought to recover it for the revenue of his country, had the duties of a custom-house officer devolved on him.

When the clock struck eight, a warm supper was placed before the skipper of the Seadrift and Roderick. Some excellent Dutch herrings, a fine piece of Hambro' beef, and a savory omelet, comprised the repast, on which the smuggler asked a blessing with becoming solemnity, and the family sat down and partook of the meal; but it was not a cheerful one. There were around that table conflicting feelings which forbade mirth. The head of the family was upon the eve of another departure from his home; and although he promised that this voyage should be his last — that he would not again tempt that Providence which had heretofore been kind to him, and that having run this cargo, he would turn the Seadrift over to Roderick, and remove from his present dismal abode to a less gloomy habitation, yet, upon such a night — the rain dashing against the shutters, and the storm almost shaking the house to its foundation — what pledge could wholly remove the anxious forebodings of an attached wife? In another short hour he would be tossed about on the fearful billow, and every fresh blast of

wind throughout the night would too surely recall his image to her distracted mind.

There was another also present, of whom mention has not yet been made. She was a dark-haired girl, of surpassing loveliness; her form was light and graceful, and her tiny foot left no impress on the sand, as she had often bounded forward, on the arrival of her lover, to meet him. She was not above the middle height of woman, but her figure was exquisitely rounded. Her complexion was dark, like that of her father, and her luxuriant hair black as the raven's wing. Her sparkling eyes were shaded by long and silken fringes; and yet those eyes, brilliant as they were, were dark as night. She sat next to Roderick, and was the smuggler's eldest daughter.

To say that Mary's mind was free from the disquietude which at this moment pervaded others of the family group would be a manifest injustice to the feelings she entertained, with all the fervency of a first attachment, towards one of the party; and the intense anguish with which she had raised her dark expressive eye, when her father announced his intention of making over to Roderick the little Seadrift after this voyage, spoke her feelings with silent eloquence.

One other person sat upon the right hand of

the smuggler. He was a fine boy, and from the lineaments of his features, a stranger would have said that he sprung from gentle blood. The name he went by was Henry Trevillian. No one could say whether that was his patronymic or not, for little was known of his history before he became an inmate, and to all appearance a member, of the smuggler's family. It was conjectured that he had been confided to the paternal care of the smuggler under peculiar circumstances; the youth himself regarded the old man as his father.

The boy sat on the right hand of the smuggler, looking up to him with alternate feelings of hope and fear; for he had that morning pleaded hard to be taken on board the Seadrift this voyage. The idea of being a sailor-boy had caught the lad's fancy; to be tossed about on the mountain wave, in the beautiful little vessel he so often visited when in harbor, was something so novel and delightful to his young imagination, that the moment their frugal meal was finished, and while Roderick was soothing the dark-eyed maid with a sailor's benediction, the boy rose suddenly from his seat, threw himself with convulsive energy into the embrace of the old man, and declared his determination to accompany him.

"Well, well, Harry, be it so, my boy; 'twill

only be for a few days; you'll soon wish yourself under the old lady's wing again." And with this observation the smuggler rose from his chair, and, with a powerful effort to subdue the feelings of the husband and parent, hastily caressed his children, pressed to his bosom the mother of his offspring, and, followed by Roderick and the boy, hurried from the only scene of enjoyment he had in this world, into the gloom of night, to resume his dangerous calling, with sensations of a better kind than the world might have given the outlaw credit for.

In less than half an hour the harbor was cleared, and the little Seadrift was on the wing, careering to the gale under a spread of canvass, which bore her rapidly from the spot where Roderick's heart lay.

The beautiful little Seadrift sailed like a witch. Her owner boasted that nothing he had ever seen could touch her; and she had had some sharp trials in her time with some of our small cruisers. It was said that she could disguise herself, and baffle the wits of our lynx-eyed revenue men, with singular facility; at one moment floating on the water as light and as gracefully as a Columbine, and the next as heavy and as sluggish in her appearance as a clumsy coasting sloop.

It is, however, our privilege to sail even faster

than the Seadrift; for on the same autumnal day which witnessed her departure from Flushing, we beg to introduce the reader to an English frigate which has just cast anchor in an unfrequented roadstead on the western coast of Ireland, after having narrowly escaped those dangerous rocks in the Mal bay which run hidden a long way into the Atlantic, and on which a portion of the proud Armada of Spain was totally destroyed in 1588.

The sea around the lonely isles of Arran, and for some miles along the rocky shore from Galway to the entrance of the river Shannon, presented one continued sheet of living foam; for the equinoctial gales had this year set in before the expected time, and with unusual severity.

Happy were they, who, having a clear offing and plenty of sea-room, could lay their vessel to under her storm-staysails, and quaff their three-watered grog in conscious security, as their well-trimmed bark rose on the billow, like the stormy petrel which followed in her wake.

There was not, at the period I am speaking of, that bright revolving light which is now exhibited on the central isle of Arran, as a friendly beacon to ships of every nation, to tell them of their affinity with the hidden dangers of Mal bay; and many a brave mariner, driven by the tempest from the broad bosom of the Atlantic,

has perished under the shade of the long winter's gloomy night, on the rocks which guard this dreary, thinly-inhabited, iron-girt shore, unseen and unheard of!

The frigate which found so welcome a shelter in the rarely-visited roadstead alluded to, was descried early in the morning by a few poor fishermen to the northward of the high cliff of Baltard. She appeared to tremble beneath the pressure of her storm-sails, as she struggled to weather a reef of rocks which ran out from a low island; and keenly did those fishermen watch with intense interest the progress of the noble vessel, calculating the portion of plunder that would fall to the lot of each individual, if unhappily she failed to weather the breakers. But Providence on this occasion interposed between the gallant crew and the lawless designs of the marauding fishermen. The frigate proudly sustained the character she had borne, of being one of the best sea-boats in his Majesty's service; and the heartless pillage of the shipwrecked mariner was reserved for the subsequent disasters which befel the less fortunate crew of the Martin, on that very coast.

It is a beautiful sight at any time to see a fine man-of-war come to an anchor, under all the majesty of her noble bearing on the water; and especially so when it blows a gale of wind.

The frigate, on approaching the anchorage, gradually shortened sail to her close-reefed topsails, furled her courses, and braced her yards, so that, when she dropped her anchor, they would be pointed obliquely to the wind. Finally, she furled her last remaining sail, and the moment the fluke of her ponderous best bower took firm hold of the ground, she swung round with her head majestically to the gale.

In a few minutes everything seemed as tranquil on board as if she had lain there from the commencement of the storm, and the disappointed fishermen hastened along the brow of the cliff to the little cove at the head of the roadstead, to examine their boats, which lay snugly moored under the shelter of a natural breakwater.

Towards evening the gale moderated, but not sufficiently to induce the captain to attempt a landing. The weather still bore a gloomy aspect; mares'-tails were floating wildly in the unsettled sky, blown about by the contending winds aloft into a thousand fantastic forms; and the setting sun too surely indicated, by its fierce angry glare, a continuation of the equinoctial gale. The little birds called by seamen Mother Carey's chickens, skimmed along the surface of the water, gracefully tipping the very edge of the waves with their extended

wings, and then descending into the hollow of the sea, would rise again, and struggle to stem the already freshening breeze, until, no longer able to fly to windward, they wheeled round on the wing with graceful curvature, and darted along the margin of the deep with the swiftness of the swallow; while the larger birds balanced themselves in the wake of the ship, watching for the particles of food which floated astern.

The small bower anchor was dropped under foot; the sheet-cable was ranged, and preparations were made for obtaining a supply of water the following morning. The anchor-watch was then called; and at 9.30 the captain delivered his night-order book to the officer of the watch.

The ship might now be said to be in a state of profound repose; the lights of the crew had been extinguished at eight o'clock, which, in the autumnal and winter seasons of the year, is the curfew-bell of the service. The officers who had their turn of night-duty to take had retired to their cots or hammocks; and the anchor-watch were permitted to lie down on the main-deck, where, upon the oak-plank, and each affording the other his uppermost hip for a pillow, their deep sleep might have been envied by many of the nobles of the land. All was quiet and noiseless, save the wind rattling

mournfully through the cordage, and the measured, thoughtful walk of the officer and quartermaster on duty.

As soon as the feeble light had ceased to glimmer underneath the folds of the tarpaulin which covered the skylight of the captain's cabin, and when the drowsy skipper was allowed a reasonable time to sink into forgetfulness of the past and present, the cautious lieutenant called his next in command over to his side of the deck, and ordering him to keep a sharp look-out for squalls — to keep his eye on the lead-line which was over the gangway — and above all, his attentive ear on the captain's bell, he descended to his cabin, and, throwing himself on his cot, soon ceased to think of the skipper or the night-order book. When the mate of the watch had walked over the captain's head with the measured tread of the lieutenant, and thought he had given the latter time enough to join the commander in his slumbers, he, in his turn, consigned the care of the frigate to the midshipman of the watch; but instead of transferring to him the admonition of the lieutenant, he threatened to give him a precious good cobbing if he presumed to leave the deck — a threat which the middy was quite sure would be carried into effect, if he was caught napping; but often as the youngster had been punished for similar

transgessions, no sooner had the mate coiled himself away in the topsail-haulyard rack, like a large Newfoundland dog, enveloped to the rim of his tarpaulin hat in a thick Flushing coat, than he made over his post of honor to the bluff old quarter-master, under whose more faithful charge his Majesty's frigate was left to ride out the gale.

It continued to blow hard during the night, but with less steadiness than the day before; the squalls were therefore the more sudden and severe. Towards the morning watch, the neck of the gale was fairly broken, and when the sun rose it was a perfect calm. The aspect of the surrounding objects differed as much from that which they exhibited the evening before as the beautiful and ever-varying effects of light and shade could make them. The coast was then almost shrouded in the drizzling mist of the gloomy storm, the rocky boundary of the iron-girt shore presented one unvaried line of bleak and barren sterility, against which the waves dashed with frightful violence: but now, as the cheerful morning broke into the glorious light of day, the dense vapor ascending from the earth spread itself gradually, until it lay over the frigate like a dark canopy, extending its circular ridge to within twenty degrees of the horizon, and leaving the beautiful and lofty

mountains of Cunnemara reposing underneath, in the clear blue atmosphere of a lovely morning. The headlands protruded their bold fronts into the sea, and seemed but half their actual distance from the ship. The smallest patches of the greensward which grew in the interstices of the rocks were visible, and threw out the dark-colored granite which formed the dreary boundary of the coast into bold relief; and the verge of the horizon was a perfect circle of light, clearly indicating the approach of a warm day.

At one bell after four, the hands were turned up to shorten-in cable. The small bower, which had been dropped under foot as a precautionary measure the night before, was released from its holding-ground; and it was well for those who had slumbered on their watch that the second anchor was down, for the ship had drifted during the night so far as to alter the bearings taken by the master the evening before very considerably. But who could say at what hour she drifted? — it might have been during the first watch, after the ship was consigned to the gruff old quarter-master, who might have gone, when his officers left him, to smoke his pipe in the galley; or it might have been during the middle watch, when the squall, which caused the ship to tremble again, came rushing down the ravine

at the head of the roadstead: at all events, the affair passed off in quietness, because the delinquency was not attended by any serious result.

At seven bells, the sheet-cable was coiled away, yards squared, and sails loosed to dry. The lighter spars were again pointed to the zenith, the decks well holy-stoned; and then the first lieutenant descended to his cabin, to purify the outer man with a wash and a shave.

At eight o'clock, the boatswain piped to breakfast.

The morning which dawned with such singular brilliancy on the frigate found the little Seadrift rolling about in the Channel, a considerable distance from the land; for she had had what the smuggler called a glorious run during the night. Her sails, which had done her good service when the gale blew, now hung helplessly from the yards, flapping backward and forward with the reciprocal motion which the vessel gave them. The smuggler, who seldom took off his clothes from the time of his departure until he had run his cargo, had already plunged his head into a bucket of seawater, and was vigorously scrubbing himself with a very coarse canvass towel, when poor Harry made his appearance

up the companion-hatch, looking as all people look, whether male or female, when under the infliction of sea-sickness, pitiably pale and wretchedly miserable. Harry made a desperate effort to grasp the tiller-rope; but the vessel at that moment gave a tremendous lurch—the poor little fellow lost his hold, and rolled into the lee-scuppers, overcome by that horrid dizziness familiar to the minds of steam-packet voyagers.

"Hallo! Harry, my lad!" shouted the smuggler; "why you haven't got your sea-legs aboard this morning. Come, rouse up, you young dog; you'll be a man now afore your mother, if you do but look sharp. Nelson, they say, was always sea-sick when he first put out of port."

"Ay, master," replied the old helmsman, who had lashed the tiller and hastened to Harry's relief; "but Nelson didn't lie in the lee-scuppers every time he put out on a cruise, with his precious skull fractured, like this poor boy."

The smuggler was at Harry's side in an instant, and bore him down to the cabin; for he was insensible. The application of restoratives soon recovered him; a little adhesive plaster covered the slight wound which the helmsman called a fracture; and the smuggler returned to his canvass towel and bucket of sea-water.

A light breeze had now sprung up, which the already wet canvass soon caught, and steadied the vessel as she crept gently through the water.

"Them 'ere men-of-war's men don't keep their skylights open," observed the helmsman, "or they'd have disturbed our rest last night, master."

"Ay, that they would," said the smuggler; for they were closer to the little Seadrift than she bargained for."

"Closer!" responded the helmsman; "why, bless your heart, master, they were almost within boat-hook's length of us. I could have jerked a biscuit on board as easy as I'd turn the quid in my mouth."

"She was so close as that — was she?" inquired the smuggler.

"Close!" echoed the helmsman; "why, the sleepy lubbers need only have put their helm down when first we saw them on our lee-bow, and they'd have shot aboard us afore you could have said 'Jack Robinson.'"

"Ay, but you kept all quiet, Jack — didn't you?" asked the smuggler.

"Ay, ay, master, that we did; — you might have heard a mouse run up the swifter when their bell struck eight, and their look-out men called out 'All's well!' Look-out men indeed!

I'm blessed but the king's men want the cobwebs rubbed off their sleepy peepers. Howsom'dever, we got clear this time — that's sartain; and with your leave, master, we'll drink success to the next."

"Very well," said the smuggler, ordering the helmsman a strong nor'wester. "Go you to your berth, and sleep that off. We sha'nt want you until the dogwatch; and as we near the land, we'll lower our sails for the night — the cruisers may be about."

"Well, master," observed the helmsman, as he hitched up his trousers over his hips, "only let's have fair play — a good rattling breeze, plenty of sea-room, and no favor — we'll show them what use the little Seadrift can make of her heels."

The smuggler then descended to his breakfast, and the helmsman to his hammock. The smuggler found Harry lying on his bed; his sleep was feverish, and in his unquiet slumber he spoke of home. The hardy smuggler bent over the sleeping boy with an anxious expression of sympathy. He lay partly on his left side, with his face towards the light; his left arm was bent under his cheek, and formed a substitute for a pillow, and his hair fell in ringlets over his pale forehead. The smuggler continued in the

same position, gazing steadfastly on the face of the sleeping child.

"Mama, mama, the Seadrift's coming in! I see papa!" exclaimed Harry in his sleep.

"Do you, my boy?" asked the smuggler, in the soft tone of a parent.

"Yes, that I do!" said the boy, stretching forth his arms; "look, mama — there he is!" and suddenly awoke by his energy, he started at the objects around him, for they were not familiar to his eye; but the paternal embrace of the smuggler soon restored the poor boy to the consciousness of the rocking vessel in which he was cradled, and he again fell back on the bed, overcome by the dizzy sickness under which he was suffering.

Sailors are proverbial for the accuracy of their predictions respecting the weather, and well they may be, for it forms an essential feature in their nautical acquirements. I have known a pilot on the western coast of England foretell a storm, when there was but a single speck visible in the horizon, so small and insignificant as to escape the casual notice of persons less experienced in those matters. On the other hand, I once knew an instance — I rejoice to say, but one of the kind, — wherein a gallant young officer was dismissed from the naval ser-

vice of his country, and thrown friendless on the sympathy of the world, at the moment he expected his well-earned promotion, because he miscalculated the force of a sudden gust of wind, which, unfortunately for him — poor fellow! — carried the foretop-mast over the vessel's side. In this casuality, as the result was unfavorable, the delinquency was punished.

The aspect of the weather had undegone a total change when the captain of the frigate, in all the majesty of his official dignity, ascended the companion-ladder that morning. The vapor which hung sullenly over the earth gradually melted away into a broad circle, and settled in the form of a dark impenetrable wall on the extreme verge of the horizon. The distant objects which nature had before so distinctly pencilled in the wild landscape, were now obscured by the heavy fog bank, while the sky overhead was as bright and as clear as the brilliant sun could make it; so that the vessel lay, as it were, in a large basin surrounded by a circular barrier, which, closing in gradually upon all sides, soon united into a cold drizzling mist, which was not dispelled until the sun had crossed the meridian.

The mist had scarcely dispersed when the captain again made his appearance on deck, and as he anxiously swept the horizon with one of

Dollond's best telescopes, he called for the youngster of the watch, and sent him for the first lieutenant and the master, both of whom were discussing the merits of a glass of grog, when the squeaking voice of the little middy summoned them to the august presence of their commander.

In those days a captain of a frigate was a great man.

"Well, Mr. Logship," asked the captain, addressing the master, "what think you of the weather?"

"Fine, sir," answered Logship, "very fine; the haze beyond," pointing to the fog which still lingered in the offing, "is all for heat. We shall have the sea-breeze creeping along the water, like a shoal of young mackerel, presently."

"I hope so," said the captain, thoughtfully, "for the glass is falling."

The idlers — and, to enlighten the reader, I mean by that term the fat surgeon, the lean purser, and the nondescript marine officers — were projecting an excursion among the huts of the wild natives, when the skipper made his appearance. "There's something in the wind," observed the surgeon in a subdued tone; "I know it by the bristly hairs on the tip of the skipper's smelling-bottle; for they always pro-

ject at right angles with the mizen-mast when his mind is anxious. I don't see much chance of your getting on shore to-day."

This announcement lengthened the visage of the marine officers; the last of the wardroom stock had been consumed a week before, and the officers were now upon their scanty ship's allowance. They had had a surfeit of lobscouse and dog's body; and the portly doctor was urging the first lieutenant to press the necessity of sending on shore for a supply of water, or holystones and sand, or, in fact, for anything his ingenuity could suggest as being required for the use of his Majesty, when the captain again made his appearance.

"What cable have we out, Mr. Logship?" he abruptly demanded, casting his anxious eye along the rocky boundary of the roadstead, against which the surf was still breaking with a hollow kind of noise, although the sea was as calm as a millpond.

"Half a cable on the best bower, sir," answered the master.

"I don't know what to make of it," observed the commander, with a perplexed air and in an under-tone, as if speaking to himself, yet loud enough to be heard by his officers. "That barometer never yet deceived me; it is one of Troughton's best, and although the aspect of

the weather is so favorable, the quicksilver continues to fall, and has already fallen considerably below 'Stormy.' I don't know what to make of it."

Logship did not reply, for his reliance on the barometer almost equalled that of the captain, and he dreaded to offer a dissenting opinion, lest the instrument might be correct; and he would then lose the character he had long sustained of being the best living mercury in the ship for measuring the changes in the weather.

Williamson, the captain, was not the man to waver upon a case of emergency; on the contrary, he was remarkable for the quickness as well as the accuracy of his decision; but upon this occasion he was at fault. In a tropical clime he would have understood it.

He descended once more to his cabin, but as quickly reappeared, and glancing his sharp eye around him, exclaimed, "The glass is still falling! Mr. Fearnought, turn the hands up — up anchor."

Logship now quietly slipped down to take a peep at the barometer, for, as the weather had so settled an appearance, he, as well as the first lieutenant, and of course the idlers, began to question the sanity of their commander. The doctor was commencing what he intended should be a rather learned disquisition on the disorders

of the mind, and the variety of cases which had fallen under his notice, when the little master returned from the cabin, with as much astonishment and anxiety depicted in his weather-beaten countenance as the captain's exhibited. "It's below 'Very Stormy,' sir," shouted Logship, "and the sooner we get the ship out of this rascally roadstead the better for all hands."

At this moment, a wild-looking subject of his Majesty came paddling up to the side of the frigate, in a wretched-looking cockle-shell of a canoe, which the natives dignified by the title of a boat. A greasy-looking letter was handed up the gangway, addressed to the "captain or commanding officer of any of his Majesty's cruisers on the coast;" and after passing through the different gradations prescribed by the etiquette of a man-of-war, it was delivered to the captain, who, thinking only of his barometer, and the importance of getting the ship under weigh, cheered the men at the capstan, and thrust the letter into his pocket, without looking at the superscription or breaking the seal.

Captain Williamson, of his Majesty's ship Palmyra, was not what the ladies would have called a pretty fellow, for he had nothing effeminate in either his person or manner. He was a fine dashing-looking sailor, not more than thirty years of age, with the exterior of a gen-

tleman, and the bearing of a man accustomed to command, yet free from the slightest particle of hauteur. His projecting forehead overhung a pair of sharp gray eyes, which twinkled restlessly beneath long shaggy eyebrows; his aquiline nose was so pliant, that it almost bent with every movement of his features, and when he smiled it was curved like the beak of an eagle. It has already been observed that nature had, strangely enough, placed upon the very tip of this proboscis a little clump of long black hair, which, sensible of the slightest passion of his mind, projected like the quills of the fretful porcupine; and at such moments it was deemed advisable by those who knew him well to give him a clear berth. His mouth was well formed, though rather small; and a professed advertising dentist would have placed some value on the head of the noble captain for the sake of his teeth. He was tall, and, unlike sailors in general, he did not stoop; on the contrary, he held his head as erect as a life-guardsman. His bronzed complexion denoted the ever-varying climes to which he had been exposed; and, like most people who have good teeth, he contracted a habit of laughing, which threw into his features a kind of continual smile, as if the mind within was all sunshine.

At length the anchor was hove a short stay

peak; the topsails were sheeted home, and the yards were braced contrariwise to swing the ship. The capstan was again manned, and the commander descended once more to look at the weather-glass. The quicksilver had fallen to a startling degree. Even Torricelli, the inventor of barometers, might have been himself puzzled on the occasion.

At length the frigate was under weig. 'nd stretched out to sea under a light breeze, . ' with all sail set. Williamson and the maste. looked at each other, and then at the sky, which was now beautifully bright, and then at the horizon, which was clear and serene; and the distrust in their features was manifest and amusing. As soon, however, as Fearnought could absent himself from the quarter-deck, he descended the companion-ladder, and made straight for the captain's cabin, where the first object that attracted his notice was a very small bright speck on the side of the deck, which upon further examination was discovered to be quicksilver; and underneath the ball of the barometer he perceived a small hole, through which the mineral fluid had gradually and imperceptibly oozed. Fearnought returned to the quarter-deck with a broad grin, which startled the commander almost as much as the barometer had done, until the cause was explained; and never was any

man more delighted at a fracture, which at any other time, and under any other circumstances, would have very much annoyed the gallant captain.

It is a common saying — and, generally speaking, a true one — that sailors can turn their hands to anything; and there is one peculiar feature in their professional career, which, if accurately noted, will in no small degree account for the ingenuity thus observable in their character. On shore we have either an instructor at our elbow, or a means of arriving at a solution of our difficulties; but on board ship we are cut off from any such aid, and when left to ourselves, we naturally turn inwardly, as it were, to our own resources, and thus acquire by degrees a habit of contrivance, by which we eventually learn to surmount any little difficulty that may impede our progress. From this habit we also derive self-confidence, — I do not mean self-conceit, — which enables us to face difficulty, instead of shrinking from it. Mental energies are often called forth, which might have otherwise lain dormant; and although the events that led to their development might be trivial, the mind was prepared in a measure to contend with more important casualties hereafter. I once knew a young midshipman, who upon one occasion, by his persevering ingenuity,

eventually overcame an obstacle which at one time threatened to conquer him ; and this single instance so delighted his commander as to produce a feeling which had a considerable influence on the future destiny of the young aspirant.

Williamson descended to his cabin, and found the quicksilver rolling along the deck in a thousand particles, as the ship careened to the wind. His little middies soon gathered it together, and as Williamson was a mechanic in his way — for he could take a watch to pieces, and put it together again, build a ship upon a scale of an inch to a foot, mend a lock as well as the armorer, hoop a cask as well as the cooper, or apply a tourniquet or open a vein as well as the doctor — of course he could mend his own barometor ; and so he did.

At a little before dusk that afternoon, Williamson, in drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, drew along with it the greasy letter to which we have elsewhere alluded, and it was nearly blown overboard. The midshipman on watch picked it up, and handed it to him. Williamson smiled at his own forgetfulness, but looked very grave when he read the letter : it ran thus —

" A noted smuggler, schooner-rigged, with a tanned topsail, will leave Flushing on or about the 25th instant, with a cargo of spirits and

tobacco, and may be expected on the western coast of Ireland to-morrow night. She is painted black, with a patch of brown canvass in her mainsail. She may be turned into a sloop or a lugger, and is provided with a narrow strip of painted canvass to represent port-holes. She has fifteen hundred bales of tobacco on board, and her ground tier consists of hollands and brandy. It is expected that she will attempt a landing in the Mal bay, near Mutton Island."

Williamson read the letter to his first lieutenant and to the officer of the watch, and the latter hailed the man at the mast-head to keep a sharp look-out; while the signal midshipman was sent aloft with a telescope, to sweep the horizon before night came on. The frigate then stood in for the land, and, when within a safe distance from it, she was hove-to under easy sail, with her head off shore.

Towards midnight the breeze gradually freshened, and if the smiling aspect of the weather on the one hand, and the sinking barometer on the other, had puzzled Williamson that morning, there could be little doubt on the subject now; for the wind had that hollow mournful sound, as it rattled through the blocks and cordage, which only the accustomed ear of a sailor could truly identify as a certain harbin-

ger of bad weather. The small drizzling rain that fell served rather to feed the wind, and the squalls which rushed suddenly down the mountain valleys kept the anxious eye of the officer of the watch on his weather-beam.

At daybreak the breeze became more steady, and Williamson, in his short round Flushing jacket, with a gold loop upon each shoulder to denote his rank, went up to the masthead, to reconnoitre with his spyglass the creeks and bays which indented that dangerous part of the coast; but there was not a vestige of a vessel of any kind to be seen; and having shared alternately with the little master the look-out duty during the night, he ordered a sharp eye to be kept all round, and descending to his cabin, threw himself on his cot, and slept soundly for a couple of hours.

At eight o'clock, the look-out man at the foretop-gallant mast head reported "a strange sail on the weather-bow." The captain started from his couch, for the welcome sound had reached his quick ear; and in an instant every one was in motion. It was known throughout the ship that the letter which the skipper received conveyed information from the agent at Flushing, that a smuggler would attempt to land upon that part of the coast. The crew, therefore, who were at breakfast, flew up the

hatchways; the captains of the tops were already half-way up the rigging; and even the portly doctor and the marine officers left their hot rolls to join in the excitement of the scene.

Among the most nimble of those who ran up the ratlines of the rigging on that occasion was Williamson himself, who was soon perched on the topmast-crosstrees, balancing himself, as the ship heeled over, with one hand for the king and the other for himself. Williamson went aloft, not that he mistrusted any of his officers, but because he was anxious to judge, from a single glance of his own keen eye, what the stranger looked like, how she was standing, and what should be done; but scarcely had he got his telescope to bear upon her, when a sudden squall obscured her from his view.

Prompt in his decision, Williamson descended from the mast-head, and calculating that the stranger could have hardly made the Palmyra out before the squall came on, he ordered her to be put on the other tack, and then proceeded to disguise her in the following manner: — the fore and mizen top-gallant masts were sent on deck, while the maintop-gallant yard was left across; the sail loosed, and sheeted home in a slovenly manner. The courses were reefed to make them look shallow; the quarter boats lowered to a level with the gunwale; and the main-

deck guns were run in and housed: a long strip of canvass, painted a light brown, and varnished, was then carefully spread over the portholes; a few trusses of hay were placed in the main-chains; and the wheels of a carriage, which Williamson kept always ready, were lashed in the fore-chains. After all this was done, the practised eye of even a close observer might have taken his Majesty's ship Palmyra for a homeward-bound West Indiaman or a clumsy transport.

As soon as the squall passed to leeward, the stranger was again seen on the weather quarter, and the signal midshipman reported her to be a schooner, with only her fore and aft sails set, standing in for Mutton Island, which, with its single small tower, the ruin of a religious temple, lay about nine miles ahead of her.

"I think we shall do that fellow, if he don't make us out before we can get him well on our weather quarter," observed the captain to little Logship.

"I don't know, sir," replied the master; "I don't much like the look of the weather. Last night's moon looked for all the world like a lump of butter in a bowl of burgou. We shan't want for wind when the flood makes —"

"So much the better," sharply answered Williamson, who, sanguine in all things, was

now impatient with Logship, who had the name of being a croaker in the ship; "the devil's in the dice if the Palmyra can't outcarry that little cockle-shell yonder, let us but once get in between him and the land. You know of old what our frigate can do, especially when she gets a foot or two of the main-sheet."

Logship was muttering something in reply, but in so subdued a tone that only detached words could be caught, such as "allowing that — blows hard — soon dark — if we could —," laying a strong emphasis on the hypothetical particle; when the little man was startled by the sharp tone in which the captain abruptly inquired, "How is the moon, Mr. Logship?"

"Full moon to-night, sir, at ten o'clock."

"Ha! that's good, at all events," observed Williamson.

"Yes," replied Logship, "provided she shows her face."

"Logship," said the captain, turning round, and looking him steadfastly in the face, "will you for once in your life look at the bright side of things; or if you will not, pray do me the favor to allow the moon to do so."

Logship was silent.

Little Logship was exactly four feet eight inches tall, and his extreme breadth measured at least two-thirds of his height; he had a very

large head, with very small inquisitive eyes, and his cheeks were round and plump, and very rubicund; but whether the last was caused by the bracing sea-air, or the stiff nor'westers he too frequently indulged in, is scarcely a matter worth speculating on now. Although he entered his Majesty's service from a Sunderland collier, he always wore blue cloth pantaloons and Hessian boots with large tassels; he considered them the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. He was also particular in wearing gloves, although his little horny hands had been in former days better acquainted with the tar-bucket than the sextant. Logship was nevertheless a thorough-bred seaman, a good plain navigator, as far as plane or Mercator sailing went. He could distinguish the Ursa Major from the Ursa Minor; and he could steer the Palmyra, when scudding in the heaviest gale of wind, within a point of the compass.

The little master's peculiarities often amused his captain; they had sailed together for many years, and although the skipper knew that there were times when it would have puzzled Logship, even in his Hessian boots, to walk a plank without diverging to his right or left, still he also knew that it was only when the frigate was safely moored in a land-locked harbor that he ever indulged beyond the king's allowance.

The signal midshipman, who was stationed aloft to keep his eye on the schooner, now reported that she was shaking a reef out of her mainsail, and setting her gaff-topsail.

"What color do you make her gaff-topsail?" inquired the captain.

"It's a tanned sail, sir," was the reply.

"How is she painted?"

"Black, sir," answered the midshipman; "and she has a patch of brown canvass in her mainsail."

"Very well," replied the captain. "Now then, Mr. Fearnought, 'bout ship; up top-gallant masts; shake a reef out; make all the sail the ship will bear. That fellow has made us out, and we shall have enough to do to get within shot of him before dark. Pipe the hammocks down, and let the chests and shot-racks be triced up underneath them; give the ship all the elasticity you can."

"Well, Logship," asked the captain, "what do you think of her now?—shall we have her or not?"

"Don't know," answered the master; "those black little devils that lie so low on the water have slippery heels, and when they get into smooth water and a steady breeze, 'twould puzzle a remora to get hold of them."

"A what?" asked Williamson.

"A remora, sir," replied Logship, chuckling at the ignorance of the skipper.

"What sort of animal may that be, Mr. Logship?" asked the captain.

"Ah! sir," said Logship, "you have never been in the Mozambique Channel, or you'd know what a remora is. Well, sir, it's a sucking fish they bend on to a line; and then off the little devil starts with the speed of a deep sea-lead, and the moment it twigs a turtle, it fixes itself by its suckers to the calipash, and sticks to it like a leech, until you haul it on board; and I'm blessed if that a'nt a useful sort of a shipmate to have on board when one's six upon four."

The chase had now commenced in earnest; every possible effort that the ingenuity of the officers could invent was resorted to, to make the Palmyra sail; and at nightfall the schooner, although but a mere speck on the horizon, was near enough to be just visible through the night-glass, but only to one man in the ship — that man was the captain.

It would be difficult to describe (so as to convey an accurate idea to shore-going people) the excitement on board a man-of-war when en-

gaged in a chase. The quick, loud cry from the masthead of "A sail, a sail!" is followed by a simultaneous shout along the lower deck; all, every one, without reference to occupation, age, or rank, rush on deck: for although mercenary feelings were forgotten at the moment, yet a rich smuggler was not less an object of importance than the legitimate trader of France or Holland would have been in the war time: and then follow the anxious queries — "What does she look like? — Is she large or small — square-rigged or fore-and-aft; does she look lofty?" and the quick eyes of the mariners scan the horizon, to gather from it how far the stranger may be off. We then come to the active, bustling preparations for the chase. Sails are loosed and spread like magic to catch the welcome breeze; the cordage flies through the blocks with the rapidity of lightning; and presently the stately ship bends to the favoring gale, and the sailors almost bless their ship because she bears herself gallantly through the water: and then come the alternate moments of hope and fear, varying with the breeze, which at one time favors the pursuer, and at another time the pursued. Thus the naturally buoyant feelings of the man-of-war's men are kept in an almost thrilling state of apprehension and uncertainty — one of the few instances

wherein suspense is the reverse of being painful.

Williamson had taken his station for the night on the forecastle, and his eye was seldom removed from his night-telescope. At one time the Palmyra seemed to gain on the schooner; at another she seemed to fall astern of the chase. Towards midnight the breeze freshened so much as to require another reef in the top-sails, and this duty was performed with the alacrity of seamen who knew the value of seconds at such a moment. But the yards were scarcely trimmed again, when the wind suddenly changed, and threw the chase three points in the wind's eye of the frigate. She was about six miles off, and had the advantage of smooth water from her affinity with the land.

"Curse that fellow's luck!" impatiently exclaimed Williamson; "he'd have been ours by daylight: we were coming up with him hand-over-hand."

"The breeze is unsteady, sir," observed Fearnought. "No higher, my man, no higher; your jib-sheet is chattering like a monkey — it may veer round again more in our favor. I say, Mr. Logship, what is that man about at the helm? tell him to keep his sleepy eye on the weather-leech of the mainsail, will you?"

In this way Fearnought continued alternately speaking to the captain and directing the steer-

age of the ship, which now labored under rather more sail than it was prudent to carry. In a short time she fell off three points more, which threw the schooner on her beam.

"Now, then, Fearnought," exclaimed the captain, "ready about."

"She won't stay, sir," said Fearnought.

"She must stay, sir," said the captain.

"What, in this heavy chop of a head sea, sir?" asked Fearnought.

"Yes, Mr. Fearnought," replied the captain in a determined tone; "if you can't make the Palmyra stay, I will;" and relinquishing his night-glass to the forecastle lieutenant, Williamson walked aft, and took his station on the weather-side of the quarter-deck.

Every officer and man were now at their station; for their commander's experience would be of but little avail if they were not prompt in obeying his orders. They had each their own separate duty to perform, while he kept his eye on the ship, watching a favorable moment.

Upon a sudden the word of command was given, "Hard down — helm-a-lee." Away flew the fore and jib-sheets; and the frigate, released from the pressure of her head-canvass, flew nobly up into the wind's eye in gallant style. For one anxious moment she remained stationary, and it was very doubtful which way she

would cant. But her commander was not inattentive to the motion of the sea at such a moment; he had his sharp eye fixed on the weather-leech of the fore-topsail, and by bracing to a little, but very little, he gave the ship a fresh impulse, and she swung round with her head once more towards the schooner.

The noble frigate, under treble-reefed topsails and courses, rose on the very edge of the waves, and darting along the troubled surface of the ocean, proudly dashed the foamy spray from her bows, as if conscious that the eyes of her commander were on her. Then, after descending into the hollow of the sea, and tottering for a moment under the mighty force of the waves which broke over her, she rose again to the margin of the deep, and, under the pressure of her well-trimmed canvass, skimmed once more along the wide waste of waters, as if resolved to sustain at this critical moment the character she had long borne of being one of the best sea-boats in the service.

For four hours both vessels carried on famously through the gale; tacking alternately, and bending and straining to the frequent squalls which came off the land. Day was now beginning to break feebly through the folds of night, and the gray mist hung sullenly over the land and almost obscured the dreary coast.

Williamson stood erect upon a quarter-deck carronade, holding on by the weather-hammock rail, and watching, with calm yet intense interest, a dark squall which was gathering on the leebeam; for upon the issue of that squall he well knew the fate of the schooner, and possibly that of his own vessel, might depend. The officers and crew, at their respective posts, with well-disciplined silence, steadfastly eyed every motion of their commander with that firm reliance his seamanlike skill was calculated to inspire; for they had served long and happily under his command; but little could they at this trying moment gather from the tranquillity of his mien, whether the energy of his mind was at all disturbed by the change which the gathering squall denoted.

At last the tremendous blast came, "like a mighty rushing wind," with fearful violence. The noble frigate trembled for a moment under the shock of the hurricane, and was thrown on her beam-ends. The tacks and sheets snapped like spun-yarn, the sails flapped about the masts and rigging, and the sudden noise they made resembled the report of cannon.

In five minutes the squall had passed away. The ship rose again to her bearings, and her crew were actively engaged bending new sails. The rain now came down in torrents, and the

hurricane of the moment was succeeded by a dead calm.

The schooner, who was lost sight of during the squall, appeared again, without a stitch of sail set; and both vessels lay rolling about in the trough of the sea, almost within gun-shot of each other — helpless and partly dismantled.

In trying moments Williamson always consulted his first lieutenant; and it would be well for some of our young naval commanders if they followed the same prudent example.

"Fearnought," said the captain, "our cutters would reach that fellow in half an hour."

"Yes, sir," answered Fearnought; "but if in the mean time the breeze should spring up, he will get the start of us while we heave to, to pick up our boats."

"True," said Williamson with an anxious expression, "I confess I neither like the look of the weather nor our affinity with this rascally coast." Then, turning to the master, he inquired —

"How is the tide, Mr. Logship?"

"Low water at ten o'clock, sir," replied the master; adding, as if to draw the attention of the captain to the danger, and anxious to be included in the consultation, "Mutton Island bears S. by E. two short leagues."

It would be difficult to imagine a ship in a

much more critical position than that in which the Palmyra was now placed. Williamson, in the eagerness of the chase, had allowed himself to be drawn farther into the Mal Bay than the safety of his frigate justified; but, in so settled a gale, who could have predicted that so sudden a squall would have sprung up from almost the opposite point of the compass, fearful in its consequences?

Fearnought would have hinted to Williamson the risk he incurred, but we have seen that he had already received a rebuff from his captain on the tacking question; and little Logship refrained from doing what would have been after all but his duty, under the foolish apprehension of being again jeered at for his croaking propensity. Williamson paced the quarter-deck in a thoughtful mood; — the broken water along the shore was distinctly visible, as it dashed against the bold promontory with a noise resembling distant thunder; the rain still continued to fall in torrents; and there were now occasional flashes of lightning, which, with the increasing swell, denoted the coming storm.

"Fearnought," said Williamson, "keep your eye on the sheets and halyards — let good ones be rove and bent — we may require them before we sleep."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the first lieutenant.

The schooner was preparing to get her sweeps out, when the dreaded breeze sprung up from the S. S. W., which threw her on the lee-bow of the frigate; and now the eventful moment to both vessels had arrived. It was possible that they might weather the island. The frigate had the better chance, being a little more to windward. At any other time of tide, the schooner could have run betwen the island and the main, for although the channel was intricate, her captain knew every rock in it; but now he had no such alternative. Both vessels were again under as heavy a press of sail as the already increasing gale would permit them to carry, and the crew almost held in their breath, as every succeeding wave carried the ship nearer to the lee-shore. The gallant frigate plunged again into the hollow of the sea — her very timbers shook under the pressure of her canvass — and her noble commander stood erect and resolute at his former station, with his eye calmly fixed upon the breakers under the lee-bow, over which the sea broke in long successive waves of mountain height.

And now the schooner approached so near the island as to appear from the frigate to be almost in the midst of the breakers.

"That fellow," exclaimed Williamson, "car-

ries through it in gallant style; he deserves a better fate than to be wrecked or captured."

The officers and crew appeared to participate in the feelings of their commander; for every eye was turned towards the schooner, and their own critical position seemed to be almost lost sight of in the interest which she excited.

"Sharp work, Mr. Fearnought," said Williamson to his first lieutenant, as a white spray dashed against his face and drenched him to the skin. "The old craft is resolved to give us a sprinkling this morning."

"Not the first time, sir," answered Fearnought, laughingly, for he had already had forty such seas over him; — "it shows the old lady is walking through it, sir."

"Yes," observed Williamson; "but I wish the old lady would keep her favors to herself:" then addressing the helmsman, — "Luff! my man, — luff! mind your steerage! I'll tell you what, Mr. Fearnought, if that fellow yonder don't weather the island, we have no business here. If he but once touches the ground in such a sea as this, he'll be to pieces in five minutes. — Have all ready for wearing round at the moment."

Fearnought had scarcely time to answer, when Williamson exclaimed, "She's struck!"

All eyes were instantly directed towards the schooner, who appeared to be in the midst of the breakers, with the sea breaking over her, and at that moment on her broadside, — but she rights once more, and weathers the threatened danger.

It was very beautiful to see the small sylph-like schooner, at this instant so fragile-looking, and to all appearance so helpless, forcing her way through the breakers, at one moment lifted with the apparent lightness of a feather to the very top of the wave, and at another suddenly sunk into the hollow of the sea and wholly obscured from view. There were times when only a portion of the white sail of the tiny craft was visible, and then it might have been easily mistaken for the wing of the stormy petrel, so light and beautiful did it appear on the troubled surface of the ocean.

The vessels were now within a mile of each other, and the schooner had already weathered the low reef of rocks which ran out from the island. The frigate, like an angry leviathan, eager and impatient, dashed the broad foam from her bows, under which the broken water almost bubbled. "Luff! my boy, — luff!" exclaimed her commander to the helmsman; and "Luff it is, sir," was the quick reply. "Luff again to the gale!" continued the cap-

tain; "a point — another point! — Hold on good tacks and sheets, — full and by, my lad — full and by," again exclaimed Williamson; and well did the anxious helmsman discharge his arduous duty. The rocks were on the lee-beam; another anxious, trying moment, and the danger was cleared — the bow lines were checked — the main-sheet was eased off — and the stately vessel, grateful for being released from the pressure of her canvass, then sailed gallantly onward in pursuit of her chase and towards the haven she had only left the day before.

The moment the danger was passed, Williamson ordered the bow-guns to be cleared away; and when ready, a shot was dropped to leeward of the chase, and the small storm ensign of St. George was hoisted at the peak. But the schooner did not heed it or show any flag in return. Williamson then ordered the shot to be fired over her. "Do not," said he to Fearnought, "strike her hull, but rather cripple the masts and rigging, if we can."

The Palmyra was now nearly within musket-shot of the chase. The deck of the latter seemed deserted, save by one man, who took his station at the helm; and there he stood alone, erect and undaunted, steering his little vessel through the danger that encompassed him,

with a countenance as free from fear as it was singularly placid and determined. He did not once alter his position, nor did he make a single effort to discern whether the frigate was closing on him or not. There the old man stood, a conspicuous solitary mark for the small arms of the marines.

The frigate was now obliged to yaw about to avoid running over the schooner, who still held on her course, though hailed repeatedly to shorten sail. The marines were firing volleys into her, but still there stood the solitary helmsman, after each succeeding volley, as erect and as undaunted as before.

"What!" exclaimed the captain, impatiently, "is there no one can knock that stubborn fellow on the head?"

At that moment a shout from the crew announced the fatal reply; — a bullet had done its duty; — it had pierced the back of the skull. The old man sprang upwards from the deck, and then fell dead at the wheel of his little vessel.

On the following morning the sea was as tranquil as if it had never been disturbed; the sky was clear and serene; the waters seemed refreshed by the tempest; and the frigate, with her little prize, lay in apparent sluggishness, as

though they were reposing from their previous labors.

At the head of the roadstead lay a small fishing hamlet, which, in that day, consisted of only a few humble dwellings, so rudely constructed as to resemble strange-looking mounds of earth rather than the wretched tenements of human beings; a small river, after winding its course from the neighboring mountain through a deep valley or ravine, clothed on either side with the wildest verdure, emptied itself into the Atlantic a little below the village, and a small cove inside the rude breakwater before spoken of afforded a welcome asylum for the boats of the fishermen.

The margin of the sea was sprinkled with many of those picturesque-looking little vessels which had emerged with the first gray streak of morning twilight from the creeks wherein they had sheltered themselves during the storm. Some were creeping along the land with a light partial breeze, which barely rippled the water; while others lay at a distance upon the broad bosom of the smooth Atlantic, with their white sails glittering in the brilliant rays of the morning sun.

The stirring events of the previous day left those on board the frigate sufficient to engage the attention of both officers and men. The

fore-works of the ship were much strained from the heavy press of sail that had been carried on; it was even feared that the gammoning and quick-work was injured; and the bowsprit was discovered to be slightly sprung between the knightheads.

Fearnought was discharging the responsible duties of a first lieutenant with his usual seamanlike activity. The little master was superintending the sails; the fat doctor and marine officers were on shore scouring the huts of the natives for something in the shape of provender; and the only idlers on board the Palmyra that day were the unfortunate smugglers, who gazed about them in dogged silence, stung to their heart's core at having been captured when within an hour's sail of their destined beach.

Towards the close of that day preparations were made for committing to the deep the corpse of the smuggler. The crew of the first cutter were dressed in their Sunday suit, and the smugglers were permitted to take a last sad view of their brave but ill-fated leader, as he lay partly sown up in a hammock.

But who is that curly-headed boy who throws himself across the body of the smuggler, and in silent yet convulsive agony presses his warm lips against the cold clammy features of the dead?

This, reader, was the adopted child of our departed friend, — the boy he had sheltered in his bosom, and to whom he had been as a father. It was Harry Trevillian.

Oh! how beautiful, and yet how sorrowful, it was to see that friendless boy, unknown to all around him, cling to the lifeless body of the only protector he had ever known in this world, and sob in all the bitterness of agonizing, heart-rending grief, as he cried, in a broken voice, "Kiss me, dear papa."

And where was then the spirit of him who had looked upon that dear child with all the love and pride of a parent? — where the sanguine tone of confidence with which he had told the anxious wife that this trip, if well ended, should be his last? Last, did he say? — yes, he said, "This shall be my last voyage." Little did the old man then foresee that his swollen corse might probably be thrown in, after the ninth day, on that very beach where he intended to run his cargo!

As the sun's disk was sinking into the horizon, the body of the smuggler was cautiously lowered into the boat; and the only persons permitted to enter her were Roderick, the mate of the smuggler, and Harry Trevillian.

The assembled officers and crew stood in meek silence uncovered on the quarter-deck of

the frigate, and the captured smugglers were ranged along the gangway. The crew of the boat destined to tow that which contained the dead, lay on their oars abreast of the ship. The body rested upon gratings, with the union flag of England spread over it.

The captain then read the beautiful and solemn service for the burial of the dead, and the boat pulled silently away from the ship to a considerable distance. There was not at that moment a passing cloud in the studded canopy of heaven, — all around was hushed in the silence of midnight, — the tint which the setting sun had left was still faint in the western horizon. The body was consigned to the waters of the Atlantic, while the stars twinkled in countless myriads overhead, and sparkled like diamonds on the broad dark surface of the grave of THE SMUGGLER.

TO MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

WHAT household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently! — of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes, upon thy page divine,
Each day were bent; — her accents, gravely mild,
Breathed out thy lore: whilst I, a dreamy child,
Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away,
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
Some fresh-discovered nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest: — yet would the solemn Word
At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be
A seed not lost; — for which, in darker years,
O book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee!

THE DREAMER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGE FLETCHER.

But little of thy life, my child, is told;
The future lies before thee — a wild dream;
And, like a flower whose petals teem with gold,
Thy looks, hope-tinted, greet life's opening beam.
Reckless of sorrow, how thy sparkling eyes
In laughter flash — then, mild as even-calm;
Thy arms are round my neck; my world-wrung sighs
Die, as I feel thy sweet lips' honey-balm.
Thy voice's gentle music, as the call of Spring,
Steals o'er thy parent's ear like May-dew — freshening.

Wilt thou be beautiful in after years,
And fair as thy dear mother? Even now
Thy father feels a parent's darkling fears,
To think that sin may shade that snowy brow.

Thy mother's smile, her eyes, her graceful neck,
And her light laugh, thou hast in thy young glee:
The unsealed book of Time thou dost not reck,
Although each page may bear a grief for thee.
I look through years, and see thy forehead fair,
And woman's looks of love flash 'neath thy lustrous hair.

Those speaking eyes—bright stars in Beauty's sky —
May flash (but, ah! I shudder at the dream)
With all that woman's love or fame can dye
A barque of crime launched forth on Folly's stream;
And Virtue pale with pity at thy name —
Dear child, thou'rt smiling in thy father's face:
Can guilt inhabit such a gentle frame, —
Or thy dear brow wear vice's purple trace?
Why should I muse upon thine early morn?
A flower, unfolded now, thou art — a sun veiled by the dawn.

Why should I muse? Thy father yet is young.
Perhaps for him there may be length of years.
Be his the task to woo, by deed and tongue,
Thy worship to the shrine chaste Virtue rears.
Oh, sweet the task! and richly overpaid,
To see thy virtue grow with growth of years:
A modest, meek, and unassuming maid —
The picture, fancy drawn, has woke my tears.
Thou *might* become all that my bursting heart
E'er fondly hoped — as good as fair thou art!

Perhaps, blest time, I may, in after days,
See thy dear children round me fondly come:
Thou the bright star; and those thy kindred rays —
The gentle love-light of a good man's home.
Perchance they'll climb their aged grandsire's knee;
And pat his cheek; and stroke his time-bleached hair.
I hear in fancy now their infant glee,

Or, with thy dulcet notes, blending, at vesper-prayer :
Thy husband's manly voice joining the swelling hymn :
Oh ! such a scene is half divine — all portraiture is dim !

Then, sweet the thought, as life's dim shadow flies —
My eyes grow weak — my pulse wax faint and dull —
Thou and thy loving mate may watch my dying eyes,
Upturned to heaven — home of the beautiful !
And if that one, who gave thee life and love,
Shall stay behind me, from the tomb of death,
Then be thy joy a daughter's love to prove :
That hope shall cheer me — though my parting breath
May bless my wife, yet on thy duteous head,
With her sweet love will fall, — a blessing of the dead.

My dream is o'er. Thy mighty will be done,
Eternal God ! — all power, all fate, is thine !

Into thy care receive this gentle one;
And be the soul that haunts this infant shrine
As pure in after years, as now, without a sin, —
(For can she err till sin's dark power is given? —)
She clings about my neck, a father's love to win,
Felt only greater by her sire in heaven.
Oh, in the human heart, the streams that lie
Of love, parental love, with life are only dry!

THE FATAL REVENGE.

A HIGHLAND STORY.

"NORMAN," said one of the sons of the laird of Kinallan to his brother, "do you intend going to Soonart's party to-night?"

"Most certainly, Hector. Don't you?" replied the other.

"Are you aware that Kilmoran is to be there?" rejoined Hector; answering his brother's question by asking another.

"Perfectly," replied Norman; "but what of that?"

"Why, of *that*, *this*," said Hector, fiercely: "that *I* would as soon throw myself from the top of Dunavarty as enter the same house — much less sit down at the same table with Kilmoran. I have sworn to be his death, and therefore will not break bread at the same board with him. You have sworn a similar oath, Norman. How can you reconcile it with your conscience to sit down in pretended peace with the man?"

"Fair and softly, brother," replied Norman, in his usual quiet tone; "you are hot-headed—

you are rash, Hector. It is not the most dangerous dog that barks most. If I keep a fair side to Kilmoran, it is that I may make the more sure of my revenge when the fitting opportunity presents itself."

"And how long do you propose waiting for that opportunity?" said Hector, impatiently, and with a slight expression of contempt, which he could not suppress, for his more cautious brother's tardiness in executing their common vengeance.

"Till it comes," replied Norman, calmly but emphatically. "You know that we dare not attack him openly; otherwise, we should give mortal offence to the duke, and thereby bring down ruin on ourselves. We must, therefore, 'bide our time.'"

"Umph!" rejoined Hector, turning on his heel, and, without further remark, quitting the apartment in which the conversation took place.

Availing ourselves of the opportunity which this incident presents, we will here introduce a word or two of explanation concerning the parties whom we have, rather abruptly perhaps, just introduced to the reader, and of the circumstances in which they stood with regard to each other.

The two brothers, Hector and Norman M'Dou-

gal, were the sons of Alexander M'Dougal, of Kinallan, a gentleman of considerable property in the West Highlands; they were neither of them very young men, both being considerably above thirty. As may, in part, have been gathered from what has been already said, the brothers, although agreeing in the atrocious resolve which forms the subject of our tale, were of very different dispositions. Hector was fierce, irascible, and outspoken, and although capable of entertaining the most deadly hatred against those who offended him, was incapable of concealing it; all the savage nature of the man was expressed in his bold and determined countenance. It was otherwise with Norman; equally vindictive with his brother, he was more cautious and guarded; quiet and reserved in his manners, slow and deliberate in his proceedings, it was not easy to discover whom he liked, or whom he disliked. Nor — so carefully did he conceal his resentments — were the objects of his hatred always aware of the enmity he bore them: on the contrary, deceived by his civil speech, his ready smile, and apparently placid temperament, they often knew not of their danger, till circumstances having, by some sudden turn, put them in his power, they felt the sting which he had hitherto so carefully

concealed. He never struck until sure that his blow would not only find, but tell upon his victim.

Kilmoran, again, — we adopt the Highland custom of distinguishing persons by the name of their property or place of residence, — was a neighboring laird, with whom the family of the M'Dougals had been long at feud, and who had recently added to his offences by securing, through his influence with the Duke of Argyle, with whom he was in great favor, a certain farm which the M'Dougals had made some strenuous efforts to obtain.

Soonart, again, — or the Laird of Soonart, as he was called, — was also a neighbor, although not a very near one, his residence being about five miles distant from those of the M'Dougals and Kilmorans, which were within a quarter of a mile of each other.

Having mentioned these particulars, we proceed with our tale.

Agreeably to the resolution which he had expressed to his brother, Norman, shortly after the conversation with the former, which we recorded at the outset of our story, mounted his horse, and set off for Soonart; the merry-making to which he had been invited, and to which we formerly alluded, being to take place

on the afternoon of the day on which our tale opens.

Soonart, or Castle Soonart, as it was sometimes called, although scarcely deserving so dignified a title, was an ancient building in the style of the sixteenth century, turreted and battlemented, with steep gray roofs and deeply-indented ledges. It stood on the summit of a rugged, precipitous cliff, whose base was washed by the sea; its white-crested waves, in stormy weather, howling around, and leaping upon the majestic rock, like a flock of hungry wolves. On the land side, however, the house was of easy access, being connected with the main land by a broad natural mound or isthmus. In ancient times, this neck of land was intersected by a deep moat at a short distance from the building; but it had been allowed to fill up, and was at the time of which we write but just discernible by faint outlines.

The greater number of the party invited to Soonart had already arrived, when Norman M'Dougal presented himself in the large dining-hall of the mansion: and among those assembled there was Kilmoran. On Norman's entrance, the latter, who was a good-natured, kind-hearted man, and who had always anxiously desired to be at peace with his neighbors, the

M'Dougals, instantly made up to him, and offered him the hand of friendship. It was readily accepted by his treacherous enemy, and apparently with as much cordiality as it was given. The ready but quiet smile of Norman replied to the half jocular, half-serious remonstrances of Kilmoran on the subject of their ancient enmity; and a significant shrug of the shoulders, accompanied by words of kindness, expressed — or were meant to express — his perfect willingness to entertain Kilmoran's proposal that they should forget the past, and live in friendship for the future.

Soon after, the guests having all assembled, the party sat down to table, to partake of the good things provided for them by their host. Leaving them thus agreeably employed, we shall return for a time to the residence of the M'Dougals, and take up the part about to be enacted by Hector in the tragical drama of the evening.

Brooding over the grudge he bore Kilmoran, and which had been stirred into fresh activity by the incident of their common invitation to Soonart, and in part also by the late conversation he had had with his brother on the subject, Hector M'Dougal was suddenly struck with one of those atrocious ideas that so frequently present themselves to desperate and revengeful men,

and fill the world with crime. He determined on that very night to waylay and murder Kilmoran on his return from Soonart, which he calculated would be about midnight. Having come to this hellish resolution, he armed himself with his rifle — with which he was an unerring shot, as the deer of his native mountains knew by fatal experience, — and hasted away to seek a favorable situation for executing the dreadful deed he contemplated.

Stealing secretly out of the house, and afterwards taking a quiet and circuitous route, he made for a certain copse on the face of a rising ground, that overlooked the road by which Kilmoran must return home; this road lying between the rising ground alluded to and a beautiful lake that slept in the hollow of the hills. Entering the copse, M'Dougal pushed through it until he reached the skirt nearest the way by which Kilmoran would pass, and which brought him to within fifty or sixty yards of it. Here concealing himself among the thick underwood, and with a paling in front on which to lean his rifle, M'Dougal awaited the appearance of his victim. It was a bright moonlight night, and as the horse Kilmoran always rode was a very light gray, approaching almost to white, and in this respect somewhat remarkable, there would be no difficulty in at once recognizing him.

Leaving the assassin thus watching for his prey, we shall return to Soonart, to see how the evening was passing with the festive party there assembled. It was passing pleasantly; the banquet-room of the old mansion rung with the burst of hilarious merriment which the facetious jest and humorous song were ever and anon eliciting, and the wine-flagon was pacing it merrily round the festal board.

The time came, however, when the jest and song were heard more rarely, and when the wine-flagon began to make its rounds with a more tardy motion. It was getting late; the spirits of the party were flagging, and a general movement among the guests to break up the party was the result. It did break up; when, hurrying out of the apartment in merry and somewhat obstreperous confusion, the guests sought the stables for their horses, all of them having come from a distance. Kilmoran was among the party who sallied out in quest of their steeds, but it was merely to see his friends mounted he accompanied them, as he had been prevailed upon by his host to remain with him all night, in order to join him in a hunting-party which had been made up for an early hour of the following morning. This was altogether an unexpected circumstance on the part of Kil-

moran, who had originally intended to return home that night.

On the party reaching the stable, it was found that Norman M'Dougal's horse was dead lame in two of his legs, and consequently unable to walk a single step. How this had happened could not be at the moment ascertained; some sinews strained, it was supposed, or some injury sustained in the feet. But whatever might be wrong with the animal, or in whatever way he might have come by his injuries, it was clear he was quite unable to carry his master home that night. Seeing this, Kilmoran, in the same spirit in which he had made up to M'Dougal on his first arrival at Soonart, pressed him to take the use of his horse; adding, good-humoredly, that if he did not think he could presume to take a horse of his to his father's house, seeing the ancient enmity that was between them, he might ride him to Kilmoran, leave him there, and walk home, a distance of only about half a mile.

M'Dougal would have refused to accept the proffered kindness; but, besides his own wish to deceive Kilmoran with regard to his feelings towards him, there were too many witnesses present for him to feel safe in exhibiting any, the slightest, symptom of the dislike he bore that person; and his rejection of his offered

civility on the present occasion, he feared, might be looked upon in that light, and be remembered afterwards if anything should happen to Kilmoran. Reasoning thus, and reasoning as quick as thought, M'Dougal, with many expressions of thanks, accepted the offer of Kilmoran's horse, mounted him, and rode off. Fifteen minutes' smart riding brought him to the margin of the lake formerly alluded to; a few minutes more saw him enter on and proceed along the road that skirted it.

Unconscious of peril, M'Dougal rode on, and had attained somewhere about half the length of the lake, when the sharp report of a rifle rung in the copse, and in the same instant Norman M'Dougal fell from his horse a dead man — a rifle-ball having passed right through his head. Deceived by the horse he rode, his brother had directed against him that shot which he intended for Kilmoran.

Unaware of the dreadful mistake he had committed, M'Dougal hastened home, and, unperceived by any one, entered the house and retired to bed. Morning came, and with it much surprise to the midnight assassin that his brother had not returned. Leaving his couch, on which he had spent but a restless night, he approached the window of his bedchamber to look abroad on the morning. He had not done

so for many seconds, when he saw a crowd of people slowly approaching the house, and bearing along what appeared to be a heavy burden. In a few minutes he made out that it was a human body they were carrying, and, not doubting that it was the corpse of Kilmoran, he summoned his utmost resolution to meet the report of that gentleman's murder with as unmoved and unconscious a manner as possible. But why bring the body of the murdered man to his house? Why not take it to Kilmoran? The proceeding confounded him, and filled his guilty bosom with a thousand indefinable terrors. In the mean time, the persons bearing the corpse approached; they passed beneath the window at which M'Dougal was standing, and in the livid and ghastly upturned face of the murdered man he recognized the face of his brother. Suspicions of the dreadful truth flashed across his mind, and he sank into a chair, powerless and all but insensible.

In a few minutes, one of the men who had brought the body home entered his apartment, and with a sorrowful countenance — and not aware that he had seen the body pass — informed him that his brother had been killed.

"How?" said M'Dougal, in a sepulchral voice.

"Shot through the head," replied the man.

"Where was the body found?" again asked M'Dougal, with white, parched, and quivering lip.

"By the side of the loch, near Clachanmore," answered the man.

All that day M'Dougal kept his apartment, and would neither himself come forth, nor would he allow any one to enter. When the morning came, he was missing; he had disappeared through the night, and none could then, or ever after, tell whither he had gone. It was supposed by some that he had thrown himself into the lake; by others, that he had left the country and gone abroad: this last rumor being followed up by a report, some years after, that he had fallen in the American war — it was said, in the battle of Bunker's Hill.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

BY MISS JAMESON.

As sounds of sweetest music heard at eve,
When summer's dew weeps over languid flowers,
And the still air conveys each tone,
However faint, and bears it to the ear
With a distinct and thrilling sound, which leaves
Its memory long within the 'raptured soul,
Even *such* thou art to me; and thus I sit
And feel the harmony that round thee lives
And breathes in every feature. Thus I sit,
And when most quiet, cold, or silent, then,
Even then, I *feel* each word, each look, each tone.
There is not an accent of that tender voice,
There is not a day-beam from those sun-bright eyes,
Nor passing smile, nor melancholy grace,
Nor thought half-uttered, feeling half-betrayed,
Nor glance of kindness — no, nor gentlest touch

Of that dear hand, in amity extended,
That e'er was lost to me — that, treasured well,
And oft recalled, dwells not upon my soul
Like sweetest music heard at summer's eve.

WITHERED VIOLETS.

REED.

Long years have passed, pale flowers, since you
  Were culled, and given in brightest bloom,
By one whose eyes eclipsed your blue,
  Whose breath was like your own perfume.

Long years — but though your bloom be gone,
  The fragrance which your freshness shed
Survives, when memory lingers on,
  When all that blessed its birth have fled.

Those hues and hopes will pass away ; —
  Thus youth, and bloom, and bliss, depart ;
Oh ! what is left when these decay ! —
  The faded leaf, the withered heart !

A STEAM VOYAGE ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

During the month of June, 1838, I was detained some time at Marseilles, waiting the arrival of a friend who had engaged to accompany me to the Levant. At length, when I had almost determined to retrace my steps to Paris, and ascertain the cause of delay, a letter came: my friend's arrangements had been suddenly upset; and he could not leave Paris. It was Saturday, and it still wanted some hours of sunset, so I instantly began to inquire the best method of proceeding to Malta. There were several vessels in the harbor, bound for the island, the skippers of which each assured me that his vessel was sure to sail next day, or the day after at the farthest; but I knew them too well to believe a word they said, — so, having satisfied myself from appearances that not one of them would leave the harbor for at least ten days, I gave up the idea of proceeding in a sailing vessel, and determined to try a steamer. The French government-steamers were, I soon found, the only ones plying between Marseilles and Malta, and I was informed that the Sesos-

tris would sail on Monday, at four, P.M. I therefore returned to my hotel, and made the necessary preparations for the voyage.

Next day I paid a visit to a friend who had had some experience in Levantine steamers, to ask his advice regarding what part of the vessel I should sail in, also regarding provisions, &c. The weather had been extremely sultry for some weeks, and no rain had fallen in the south of France for more than a month; consequently a voyage on the Mediterranean at that time, was likely to be a warm one.

My friend, after inquiring concerning my travelling wardrobe, pronounced it sufficient, *come sun*, *come rain*, and advised me strongly to take a deck-passage. The first cabin, he remarked, was very expensive, both as regarded the passage-money and provisions, — the latter the passenger being obliged to pay for, whether he partake or not; but his principal objection was the intolerable heat arising from the sun, joined to that caused by the fire and vapor of six or seven days' steaming. The second cabin was moderate in price, but in it also the passengers must pay exhorbitant prices for provisions, whether partaken of or not, while it was as hot as the first cabin. The deck, on the contrary, my friend assured me, could be tolerated during the day, as there were plenty

of opportunities of sitting in the shade, while it was not too cold during the night: there was another point too, and a very important one to an Englishman in a French boat; deck-passengers were allowed to carry their own provisions with them, or purchase from the steward, according as they felt inclined. Having listened to all these considerations, and seriously weighed the matter in my own mind, I determined on taking a deck-passage.

On Monday forenoon I repaired to the proper authorities, and had my passport inspected. I then directed my steps to the British Consul, and, having got the necessary papers, proceeded to the office of the steamer, and producing all these documents, left them in the hands of the clerk, paid my passage-money, and received a ticket containing the rules and regulations to be observed on embarking and during the voyage. They were very strict, but, as I found afterwards, "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

After my luggage was all packed, I summoned "boots," and consulted regarding the proper provisions for the voyage: the result was, that we both sallied out together, and returned with the following, which, with the addition of water, we judged sufficient for one man during a week: — Two loaves of bread, each

eighteen inches long, four pounds of biscuit, one pound of Parmesan cheese, two pounds of boiled beef, a pound of loaf-sugar, and two bottles of brandy. The steamer was to sail at four, and I left my hotel at three, dressed in summer style. We had about fifteen minutes' walk to the place of embarkation. On leaving the hotel, the sun was oppressively warm, and the white dust blowing through the streets in dense clouds; but ere we had gone a hundred yards the rain began to pour, and long before we reached the quay, it fell in torrents; — my cloak was at hand, however, and wrapping it round me, I congratulated myself that long before its well-lined cloth was wet through, the sun would be as bright in the heavens as ever. On arriving at the quay, we found an immense number of little boats, the inmates of which were very solicitous for our favor, and having embarked in one which had an awning to protect us from the sun, I was soon on board the steamer with my luggage. The moment I was on board, an officer demanded my ticket, and referring to a bundle of papers, said I was all right. It was within a few minutes of the time of sailing, and passengers were arriving in great numbers, all of whom were asked for their tickets, and a reference made to the bundle of passports, ere they were let out of the

immediate *surveillance* of a warrant-officer armed with sword and pistol. So uniformly regular did every one's passport appear to be, that I began to think it was only a form to inspect them, until the officer, turning around to a German student who had just appeared, demanded his bill of health. The student said it had been left with the clerk, along with his other papers, when he engaged his passage. The officer called him "a liar," and said that he had never had one. An official from the land now stepped forward, and stated that there had been more passengers engaged than bills of health taken, and that he attended in consequence, as the steamer could not clear out until this matter was rectified. On referring to the bills of health furnished, the German student's name was not there, and in great wrath, swearing in French, German, and Italian, he was obliged to pay three francs and a half to have his according to rule.

At four o'clock the post-office boat came alongside; some letter-bags and five small casks of silver money were put on board in charge of an officer, the large bell was rung, and all those for the shore were ordered to quit the vessel. The cry through the vessel now was "*L'appel, l'appel,*" (the calling of the names,) and several petty officers were em-

ployed in gathering the passengers from every part of the vessel to the quarter-deck. As soon as the first lieutenant had been informed that every one unconnected with the vessel was now on the poop, the commissariat began calling out the list of passengers, each answering to his name, and passing to another part of the vessel. When the list was finished, the commissariat informed the first lieutenant that everything was right; the side-ladders were drawn up, and in a few minutes we were out of the basin of Marseilles, and steaming through the blue waters of the Mediterranean. During the bustle attending our departure the rain poured with unabated fury, and continued to do so until two o'clock next morning, when it stopped at sunrise. It was soon pretty evident that the clothes I had on would not protect me during the night; so the cloak was laid aside until I put on over my coat, a surtout, pilot-coat, and mackintosh. The cloak was then put above all, and I again congratulated myself on being fully waterproof, as my mackintosh was of the great-coat form, and reached considerably below the knee.

When we were fairly at sea, one of the warrant-officers got each of the passengers to point out his luggage, which was stowed away in different places, in order that no mistake might occur in the various ports at which we

were to touch: by the time this was accomplished, the deck was covered with passengers, who, finding their berths too hot, preferred the wet of the deck to the heat of the cabin. In the first cabin there were about twenty passengers for Leghorn, four for Civita Vecchia, one for Malta, and two for Athens. In the second cabin there were, an Italian singer proceeding to some one of the theatres on the Adriatic, a good-natured merry sort of fellow, who was never loth to enliven the company with a song; five Italian refugees proceeding to the Papal states *for protection;* two merchants *of* and *for* Leghorn; two cooks proceeding by way of Alexandria to the establishment of Lord Elphinstone in India; a very old Italian on his way to the holy sepulchre; and several attendants belonging to parties in the first cabin. We of the deck were more *select.* There were four German students (Burschenschaft) returning from Paris to Austria; one Fanaariote returning from London to Constantinople, and the writer. We, the deck-passengers, were soon acquainted, and amber pipes and cigars were passed from one to another; at last the store of provisions was alluded to, — we gathered round a large barrel-head and displayed our edibles. The other five had many things I could not boast of — but I had one advantage, with my brandy;

one of the bottles was produced and a flask of water: our carousal-bowl was an old tin jug, our table-cloth a late number of "Le National," our table a barrel-head, while the rain poured down in torrents, and we were obliged to put an umbrella over our good things; nevertheless, we all made a hearty meal — the various stores were free to all, and we laughed and talked over the idea of happiness having much to do with outward things. When the repast was finished, each wrapped up his stores, and a good glass of brandy-and-water, pipes and cigars, songs and anecdotes, kept us merry, and I had almost forgotten that it rained, when the increased weight of my cloak recalled my attention; it was now ten o'clock at night, and the cloak was as wet as if it had been tossed in the sea since we left Marseilles. None of us felt much cold during the night. A gentleman and his lady slept in their carriage on deck; a second carriage was occupied by two footmen who had it in charge; — two first-cabin and one second-cabin passengers kept the deck all night; the remainder of the passengers preferred to be stewed below. At last the morning broke, dry and brilliant; our wet clothes were hung up here and there, boots and shoes were kicked from our feet, and ere six o'clock we were as merry as crickets, sitting on the dry deck en-

joying our breakfast, which we accompanied by a small glass of brandy, and a large one of good wine, a flask of which some one drew from out his haversack.

Before noon, every appearance of the former night's rain had vanished; our clothes were dry — and so, I am sorry to say, were my two bottles. The day was a remarkably beautiful one; nobody was sick, but all enjoying themselves, by either joining or passively looking at the sporting, leaping, wrestling, and quarter-staff, which occupied the attention of the crew as well as passengers for the greater part of the day. The porpoises, too, seemed to join in the fun, as they sported in hundreds before, under, and on each side of our vessel; while the water was so transparent, that on looking over the bows, these merry fish could be seen far, far down in the water. In the afternoon, we passed the island of Corsica, towards which, as long as it was in sight, all eyes were directed; and many were the curses I heard vented forth against the English nation, for their treatment of the once obscure native of that little isle (Napoleon) — "and one who, if he had lived," said one of the passengers, "would have made Paris the capital of Europe." In the evening there were several card-parties formed — but *whist* was not one of the games played. Thus

the time passed away, and as the shades of night were drawing around, I picked out the "softest plank," and, with "a reefing block" for my pillow, lay down and fell asleep.

I imagine the night must have been a very quiet one, as, when I was awakened, I found the sun had the start of me. In a few minutes all was bustle and confusion, passengers running hither and thither, tumbling over baggage and ropes, with both of which the deck was again covered. We were off the port of Leghorn, where a great many passengers, two chaises, and an immense quantity of luggage had to be landed; although to me it seemed doubtful if passengers and luggage could be landed, and not at all doubtful that the carriages could *not*, on account of the heavy swell setting in from the east. It was now six in the morning, and the captain said he should remain eight hours here, but would not go into the harbor unless compelled. As soon as this determination was known, the passengers began to form themselves into parties, who elected one to make a bargain with a boatman. In less than ten minutes from the time our anchor was let go, there could not be less than thirty boats alongside, each having from four to six men. Watermen are the same all the world over, consequently there was much wrangling before a bargain was struck. The

ladder was at last let down, and the first party began to descend; but it was a task sufficient to try the nerves of the most hardy, as the boat was one moment drawn from the ladder with great velocity, and the next dashed up against it. One man was rather shy of letting go his hold, and he was hauled out of the boat again after his feet had been in it, immersed up to the middle in water; and had it not been for the two sailors who manned the foot of the ladder instantly hauling him in, he would have been much hurt, if not killed, between the ladder and the boat: as it was, he appeared neither hurt nor frightened, and when the boat approached again, he leaped from the ladder at once into the bottom. After receiving the proper number of passengers, each boat dropped astern, where it held on until the luggage was lowered by ropes. In this manner, and in about two hours, all the passengers and their luggage were safely disembarked. The last boatful was an English diplomatic gentleman, his wife, and a man and maid servant. The man-servant at once got into the boat; but the maid stood on the lower step screaming at the pitch of her voice, and no entreaty could make her put her foot in the boat: at last a sailor took her in his arms, and stepping in with her, laid her safely down in the bottom of the boat, where she began to roar

more lustily than ever, screeching that she was a drowned woman. The lady now appeared on the last step; a sailor handed her in, and laid her also down in the boat. I never certainly saw two women so terrified in my life — but the outward language of their fear was totally different. The servant screamed and beat the boat with her hands, while the tears ran from her swollen eyes down her inflamed cheeks. The lady was dreadfully pale, perfectly quiet, and, to all appearance, almost unconscious of everything around.

After the passengers were all disposed of, the attention of the crew was directed to the carriages, one of which was soon slung, and a large boat prepared to receive it; but after many vain attempts to place it in the boat, the design was abandoned, and rather than run the risk of losing the carriages, the anchor was ordered to be weighed, and we stood for the harbor. That the reason of the captain's unwillingness to approach the harbor was a quarrel of some sort was evident, as the harbor-officers would not allow any of the warps to be fastened to the shore, which caused a great deal of abuse from all parties. At last our steamer was safely moored alongside of a large Swedish vessel; and as it still wanted five hours of the time appointed for sailing, four of us joined

together, and, hiring a boat, went ashore. No one prevented our landing; no one asked for our passports even on entering the town; and if they had, we could not have given them, as they were in the hands of the commissariat. The streets were burning hot, and glared unpleasantly to the eye. The cafés were filled with smokers and drinkers: we wandered up one street and down another for several hours — smoked our pipes, drank our coffee and iced punch — bought each a bottle of rum and a pipe head shaped as a bust of Napoleon, and repaired on board our steamer in good time. At two P.M. the mail-bags came on board, the anchor was weighed, and we steamed out of the port.

At Leghorn we had left the greater part of our passengers; all the deck ones but the Fanaariote and myself were gone. The steamer was not so crowded nor so merry, but the day was as hot as ever; and towards evening it blew a capful of wind. All the passengers but Georgidas and myself were sick: we, Robinson Crusoe-like, constructed of tarpaulins a sort of tent, and Georgidas having an oriental coverlid, we stretched it under its shade and soon fell asleep.

At four next morning we were awakened by hearing the anchor drop, and on turning out,

found we were off Civita Vecchia. In a short time we were surrounded by boats, but no one was allowed to approach, as one or two boats, with the Papal flag in the stern, pulled round and round the steamer. It appeared that we were deemed in quarantine, and must await examination of the bills of health before any communication with the shore could be held. It It was the 14th of June, a solemn festival day, and we could easily discern moving along the shore, a long procession of priests, friars, soldiers, crosses, crosiers, banners, and other ecclesiastical appendages, as also immensely-large lighted candles, although it was good daylight. At ten o'clock we got permission, and went ashore: the procession was filing its interminable length through the streets, while every head was uncovered and every knee bent before it. In the procession there could not have been fewer than ten thousand soldiers and about five thousand priests: some of the latter were carried on cushioned seats, borne on men's shoulders, and shaded by a canopy supported on long poles by four men; others walked under a canopy — but these were dignitaries. The great mass of the priests were of course on foot; some of them wore shoes, others sandals, but at least one-third walked barefoot. After the procession had passed, we went up to the town,

where we found all the shops shut, and flags suspended from many of the windows. At the corners of a great many streets pavilions were erected, in which were crosses and candles burning. Before these the pious Catholic might be seen on his knees, crossing himself and saying his prayers. At last we found a traiteur's, where we had an excellent dinner; washed it down with half a bottle of the wine profanely called *Lachrymæ Christi;* entered some of the churches; visited the *holy well* — which is said, and I think with truth — to contain the finest water in Europe; took each a bottle of it with us, and repaired on board. At noon the mail-bags came alongside, and we held on our course, leaving the island of Sardinia on our starboard-quarter. The day, as usual, was fine; various games and sports amused us; and at night, the tent being again constructed, the Greek and myself turned in. At sunrise on Friday morning the volcano Stromboli was seen puffing as if it were smoking a cigar. At eight A.M. we anchored in the Bay of Naples; but none save the mail-boat was allowed to communicate with the shore — a regulation which raised the choler of the many watermen paddling around us, who abused the officers in no measured language, and were answered with equal warmth.

At ten the mail-boat returned; the anchor was weighed, and we steered down towards the Straits of Messina. During the afternoon the coast of Sicily appeared in sight; and at sunrise on Saturday morning we were in sight of Mount Ætna, covered with snow. It continued visible nearly the whole day, and long after the coast of Sicily had disappeared. At sunset no land was to be seen; but at two o'clock on Sunday morning the steamer dropped anchor in the harbor of the island of Malta.

SONG.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

SING to me in the days of spring-time, beloved;
In those days of sweetness, oh, sing to me!
When all things by one glad spirit are moved—
From the sky-lark to the bee.

Sing to me in the days of summer-time, dearest;
In those days of fire, oh, sing to me, then!
When suns are brightest, and skies are clearest,
Sing, sing in the woods again.

Sing to me still in the autumn's glory;
In the golden fall-time, oh be not mute:
Some sweet, wild ditty from ancient story,
That well with the times may suit.

Sing to me still in the hours of sadness,
When winter across the sky is driven;
But sing not the wild tones of mirth and gladness—
Then sing of peace and heaven.

THE USEFUL FAMILY.

On removing, some time ago, to a new quarter of the town, where I was an entire stranger, one of my first businesses was to look out for a respectable grocer, with whom we might deal for family necessaries. With this object in view, I, one day, shortly after our settlement in our new domicile, sallied out on an exploring expedition, through our own and some of the adjoining streets, in order, in the first place, to see what like the general run of shops in our neighborhood were. The result of this tour was to narrow the matter of selection to three shops of respectable appearance; which of these, however, I should eventually patronize, I did not at the moment determine, as I always like to do things deliberately. This deliberation, then, rendered another tour of observation necessary.

On this second excursion, seeing nothing, even after a very careful survey, in the externals of either of the three shops to decide my final choice, I resolved, in the conceit of a pretty ready appreciation of character, on being guided by the result of a glance at the general

personal appearance of the respective shopkeepers. On pretence, then, of examining a certain box of Turkey figs that lay in the window of one of the shops in question, I took a furtive peep of the gentleman behind the counter. I didn't like his looks at all; he was a thin, starved, hungry-looking fellow, with a long, sharp, red nose, and, I thought, altogether, a sort of person likely to do a little business in the short-weight way with those who dealt with him. I thought, too, from the glance I took of his head, that there was a deficiency in his bump of conscientiousness. Him, therefore, I struck off the list, and proceeded to the next.

This man was, in all personal respects, the very opposite of the other; he was a fat, gruff, savage-looking monster, from whom I did not think much civility was to be expected; nor did I like the act in which I found him, when I peeped through the window — this was throwing a loaded salt basket at the head of his apprentice. Probably it was deserved, but I did not like the choler it exhibited — so I passed on to the third. Here was a jolly, pleasant, matronly-looking woman for shopkeeper. I was taken with her appearance, so in I popped, and we soon came to an understanding. I opened negotiations by the purchase of a couple of pounds of tea, a proportionable quantity of

sugar, and several other little odds and ends, for which I had a commission from my wife. We found the articles excellent, our worthy, jolly *groceress* civil and obliging; and all, therefore, so far as this went, was right.

The grocer, however, although a most convenient sort of personage, cannot supply all the wants of a family; there is another, still more essential, inasmuch as he is necessary not only to our comfort, but almost to our existence — the baker. We still wanted a baker; having hitherto bought our bread in a straggling sort of way. What we wanted, then, was a regular baker; and not knowing well where to look for one, we applied to our obliging groceress. The worthy woman seemed delighted with the inquiry — we wondered why; she thus solved the mystery. "Why, sir," she said, "my son's a baker: his shop is just a little further on. He will be very happy to supply you, and I undertake to warrant his giving you every satisfaction."

Well pleased to find that our little expenditures would — at least so far as the addition of bread went — be still kept in the family, we proceeded forthwith to the shop of the baker. It was a very respectable-looking one, and the baker himself a civil, obliging fellow; so we settled matters with him on the instant.

It was, I think, somewhere about three weeks after this, that our servant-girl brought, along with a quantity of butter for which she had been sent to Mrs. Aikensides — the name, by the way of our worthy groceress — a very handsome card, which ran thus:

"Miss Jane Aikenside begs to intimate to her friends and the public, that she has begun business in the millinery and dress-making line, and that every care and attention will be bestowed in the execution of all orders with which she may be favored." At the bottom of the card— "Availing herself of this opportunity, Miss Mary Aikenside takes the liberty of announcing, that she continues to instruct young ladies in music, on the terms formerly advertised, namely, two guineas per quarter, of three lessons per week."

"Aikenside!" said I, on perusing the card; "who are they, these Misses Aikenside?"

"Relations of our grocer's, I dare say," said my wife. We inquired, and found they were her daughters.

"Very fortunate," said my wife; "I was just at a loss where I should go with the girls' new frocks and my own gown. We can't do better than give them to Mrs. Aikenside's daughters."

I thought so too, and, moreover, said so; but,

being a matter not within my province, I interfered no further in it. My wife, however, lost no time in calling on Miss Aikenside, who carried on her business in her mother's house, which was immediately over the shop. The interview was satisfactory to both parties. My wife was much pleased with both the appearance and manners of Miss Aikenside, and with the specimens of work which she submitted. The children's frocks and the gown were, therefore, immediately put into her hands. The work was well done; my wife said she had not seen more accurate fits for a long time; so, from this date, Miss Aikenside got all our millinery to do.

The intercourse which this brought on between the female members of the two families afforded my wife and daughters an opportunity of hearing Miss Mary Aikenside's performances on the piano — for she, too, resided with her mother — with which they were all delighted; she was, they said an exquisite performer; my wife adding, that as it was now full time that our two eldest girls had begun music (of which, indeed, we had been thinking for some time previously), we might just send them at once to Miss Aikenside. I offered no objection, but, on the contrary, was very glad that we could yet further patronize the very respectable family

whose services we had already found so useful; so to Miss Mary Aikenside our two daughters were immediately sent, to learn music; and very rapid progress they subsequently made under her tuition.

It was only now — that is, after my two girls had begun music with Miss Aikenside — that I began to perceive the oddity of the circumstance of having so many of our wants supplied by one family; for I may as well add, the baker, who was unmarried, also lived with his mother. But this was an oddity to be rendered yet more remarkable.

"Mrs. Aikenside, my good lady," said I, on dropping one day into the shop, "you were good enough, besides furnishing us with what you dealt in yourself, to tell us where we could be supplied with what you did not deal in. You told us where to find a baker; now, can you tell us where we shall find a shoemaker — a respectable shoemaker?"

Mrs. Aikenside laughed. "My husband, sir," she said, "is a shoemaker, and will be much obliged to you for any employment you may be pleased to put in his way."

I now laughed too; for the idea was becoming, I thought, exceedingly amusing. "A shoemaker, is he?" said I; "that's odd, but

fortunate too. Where is his shop? where does he work?"

"Oh, he has no shop, sir; shop-rents are so high. He works up-stairs in the house; he has a small room set apart for the purpose. Will you walk up and see him, sir, if you please?" she added, pointing to an inside stair, which conducted from the shop to the story above.

I did so; and found Mr. Aikenside, a very respectable-looking man, hard at work in the midst of two or three journeymen and apprentices. He had seen me several times in the shop before, so he knew me.

"Mr. Aikenside," said I, "I want a little work done in your way."

"Most happy to serve you, sir," said Mr. Aikenside.

"It is but a small matter, though — hardly worth your attention, I doubt; but better things will probably follow."

"Don't matter what it is, sir — don't matter how trifling. Glad and ready to do anything in my way, however small; always thankful for employment."

"Then, sir, we shall deal," said I. "There's a parcel of my youngsters' shoes at home that stand in need of repairing."

"Send them over, sir, and they shall be done

to your satisfaction; or I'll send one of these lads for them directly."

Here was an active, prompt, thorough-going tradesman, then — one who seemed to know what he was about, and who, I had no doubt, would do his work well; just, in short, such a man as I wanted.

I was altogether much pleased with the man, and could not help laughingly remarking to him the oddity of my finding so many of the wants of life supplied by one family. "There," said I, "is the grocer, the baker, the milliner, the teacher of music, and the shoemaker, all in one family — all living together."

"Ay, but you have forgot one — there's another still to add," said Mr. Aikenside, appreciating the humor of the thing. "We can furnish you with a tailor, too; and as good a hand, I will say it, though he be my own son, as any in town, be the other who he may."

"Bless my soul, a tailor, too!" said I; "where is this to end? Pray, where does he hang out?"

"Why, sir, in the next room;" and he went to the door, and called out, "Jim, Jim, I say, come here a moment."

Jim came — a smart, and, although in the loose deshabille of his calling, genteel-looking lad.

"Here," continued Mr. Aikenside, addressing his son — "here is a gentleman, who doesn't say he wants anything in your way just now, but who may, probably, do so by-and-by."

Jim bowed politely, and not ungracefully, and saying he would be proud of any little share of my employment which I should think fit to afford him, put a handsomely embossed card into my hand, with his name and other particulars relative to his business.

The children's shoes were sent to the father; they were promptly and well done, and the consequence was, that we henceforth employed him both to make and mend for us.

The experiment of a suit for one of my boys was soon after made of the son's skill as a workman; it was satisfactory — more than satisfactory. He, therefore, was instantly dubbed our tailor, and from this time given all our work, both old and new.

So, good reader, there we are. This single family of the Aikensides, one way and another, get at least three-fourths of our entire income; and right welcome are they to it, for they give full and fair value in return.

WE MET WHEN LIFE AND HOPE WERE NEW.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

We met when life and hope were new,
  When all we looked on smiled, —
And Fancy's wand around us threw
  Enchantments, sweet as wild! —
Ours were the light and bounding hearts
  The world had yet to wring; —
The bloom that, when it once departs,
  Can know no second spring!

What though our love was never told,
  Or breathed in sighs alone;
By signs that would not be controlled,
  Its growing strength was shown: —
The touch, that thrilled us with delight;
  The glance, by art untamed;
In one short moon, as brief as bright,
  That tender truth proclaimed!

We parted, chilling looks among; —
  My inmost soul was bowed;

And blessings died upon my tongue,
  I dared not breathe aloud : —
A pensive smile, serene and bland,
  One thrilling glance — how vain !
A pressure of thy yielding hand : —
  We never met again !

Yet still a spell was in thy name,
  Of magic power to me,
That bade me strive for wealth and fame,
  To make me worthy thee !
And long, through many an after-year,
  When boyhood's dream had flown,
With nothing left to hope or fear,
  I loved, in silence, on !

More sacred ties at length are ours,
  As dear as those of yore ;
And later joys, like autumn flowers,
  Have bloomed for us once more !
But never canst thou be again
  What once thou wert to me ; —
I glory in another's chain —
  And thou'rt no longer free.

Thy stream of life glides calmly on,
  — A prosperous lot is thine —
The brighter, that it did not join
  The turbid waves of mine !

Yet, oh! could fondest love relume
  Joy's sunshine on my brow,
Thine scarce can be a happier doom
  Than I might boast of now!

RUINS OF A PALACE.

How dim and indistinct the silent scene!
O'er groves and valleys sleeping mists are spread,
Like a soft silvery mantle; while the stream,
Scarce heard to flow, steals on its pebbly bed;
Nor e'en a ripple wakes the silence round,
As if it flowed, perchance, through some enchanted ground.

Oh! there were hearts within that stately hall,
Though ruined now, that beat with high alarm,
And champing steeds, and warders waiting all
To guard, if need might be, from gathering harm,
And cautious looks, and voices speaking low,
As if they feared an hour of coming wo.

Yes, life or death, eternity or time,
Waited the passing of that anxious day;
A throne, a prison, much perchance of crime,

Ruins of a Hellen

Should statesmen battle, each in stern
array;
Should Death steal onward through a palace
gate,
Warning his victim from her hall of state.

One lonely spot, which oft, in solemn mood
Men have gazed on in ages long gone by,
Where stands that relic of the good green-
wood,
The aged oak, prompting a tear or sigh;
That lonely spot gleams o'er the misty scene,
Catching the splendor of the dazzling sheen.

And, aye, the lichens that have fixéd deep
Their tiny roots within the furrowed bough;
And one small flower, which still her vigils
keeps,
The blue forget-me-not, are glowing now,
In characters, methinks, of living flame,
Seeming to print the old oak's massy frame.

The mind, back glancing through long ages
past,
E'en to the changes in that fitful scene,
Calls forth from out the dim, the lone, the vast,
One act to gaze on, noting what hath been
In dreamy life; though all we now descry
Seems as a mournful vision sweeping by.

Her hall is lonely now, her throne of state
Strangers may gaze at; one lone couch of pain
Holdeth her now, and pale care seems to wait
Beside that couch, despite the weeping train
Who vainly seek, with fond officious zeal,
To soothe the rankling grief they may not heal.

THE PHYSICIAN'S LEVEE.

There is a certain atmosphere of gloom and sunshine, of hope and fear, of meek expectancy and impatience, of curiosity and abstraction, of calm and restlessness, which pervades the antechamber of a skilful physician, and which never fails to have its effect on the spirits of a visitor.

Some years ago, circumstances brought me, among many others who were in search of health, into an apartment such as I have alluded to. On entering the room, the stillness which prevailed was almost death-like. I seated myself on the first vacant chair, and as, happily, the cause of my visit to Dr. D. was not one of absorbing interest, I suffered my mind and my eyes to rove as they listed, and endeavored to while away the time by translating, as it were, the characters and feelings of my companions. Sometimes a whisper of slight impatience met my ear; sometimes a sigh from a solitary individual, who appeared ashamed of the weakness, and whose short cough betrayed his nervous sensations. Opposite to me sat an interesting girl, of about eighteen, attended by a lady, who watched her young charge with an anxiety truly

maternal. The hectic flush which mantled on the fair cheek of the youthful invalid bespoke that cruel disease, consumption. When the summons came for them to go to the physician's private room, the face of the elder lady became pale, and her voice trembled as the words "Come, my love," passed from her lips.

I was musing on the early doom that seemed to await this gentle maiden, when she and her companion returned. The bright smile of hope illumined both their countenances, and they appeared unconscious of any witnesses of their feelings. "Dr. D. considers me much better, dearest aunt; so now you must not be uneasy any longer," said the younger lady. Her aunt looked at her fondly, and replied that her mind was greatly relieved — that she felt quite happy. "God grant that thou mayest be spared, since thou art so much loved!" ejaculated I mentally, as the fair girl quitted the room.

My attention was now directed to the solitary person whose stifled sighs had told me that his sufferings were real, and patiently borne. He was scarcely in the prime of life, but his cheeks were sunk and wan. His eyes were too bright and sparkling for one whose image was so mournful; his apparel hung loosely on his attenuated limbs. He sat there, waiting his turn,

without speaking to any one, absorbed apparently in his own thoughts. "Has he no mother, no sister, no wife?" said I to myself; for with the idea of illness, that of a female comforter seems always associated. But the door opened — the invalid slowly tottered towards it, and before it closed again, an aged man, whose garb, though extremely clean, bespoke penury, walked meekly into the room, and sinking down into a chair close to the door, he held his worn hat between his knees, casting his eyes down to the ground. A few white locks strayed over his broad, high forehead, and the expression of his face was full of intelligence. It was evident that he was not an invalid himself, but was anxious about some one who was. I saw him put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and take from it a very small paper parcel; he looked at it, pressed it between his fingers, as if to ascertain that its contents were safe, and then replaced it in his pocket. "It is the physician's fee," thought I; "but Dr. D. will not take it from one so poor as thou."

Near to this venerable man sat a young mother and her infant child. How tenderly she pressed the little sufferer to her heart, and how sadly she seemed to gaze on its fair countenance! Ever and anon she parted the sunny locks that waved with natural grace over its

snowy forehead, and frequently her lips moved, as she raised her tear-filled eyes to Heaven. She was praying for her child.

There was little to be remarked in the remaining individuals who were waiting the doctor's summons. Some carelessly turned over the leaves of the books that were lying on the table; some examined the paintings that decorated the apartment; and all seemed impressed with a solemn consciousness that they were surrounded by suffering humanity.

By degrees the room became cleared, and I found myself alone with the old man whom I have before described. When the summons came for me, I perceived a flush pass across his venerable face; he half-rose from his seat, pressed his hand to the corner of his waistcoat pocket, then sat down again, and his features resumed their former patient expression. I could not resist the impulse I felt to speak to him. "You are, perhaps, more pressed for time than I am," said I; "pray go now to Dr. D., and say that I can wait. Give him this card, and he will attend to *you* first."

"Heaven reward you, sir!" replied he. "My only child, the sole joy of my old age, lies dangerously ill, and I am told that Dr. D. is very skilful; so I am come to consult him. It is a long distance to my home, and my poor

boy will have no rest while his father is absent." The old man's voice faltered, and I felt an uneasy sensation in my throat, which made me afraid to risk saying more than "Well, lose no time, go at once."

As soon as he was gone, I began to hum a tune — and yet I was in no merry mood; but often, when my spirit has been sad, some old air has pertinaciously rung in my "mind's" ear, and to get rid of it, as a humorous friend of mine would say, I have sung it. My melodious powers, however, soon received a check, for a double rap at the street-door announced a fresh visitor. I heard the servant say, "It is past twelve, sir; Dr. D. cannot receive any more patients to-day." "I will not detain him five minutes," replied a deep, clear, manly voice. "Pray tell your master that this is a case of great importance."

The servant was evidently reluctant to go, but I concluded the speaker had prevailed upon him to do so, as I heard his retreating steps in the hall; and presently the parlor door opened, and a trio entered which immediately attracted my attention. The party consisted of a lady in a widow's dress, and her son and daughter, who were in deep mourning. The lady was apparently about five-and-forty years of age, and seemed very ill. Her duteous and anxious

children were so completely engrossed by their attentions to their suffering parent, that they did not appear to perceive me. They carefully supported her to the sofa, and then in a voice whose silvery tones I shall never forget, the young lady said, "Well, sweet mother, you have borne this fatigue bravely; and surely that is an earnest of future good."

"Bless thee, my child!" faintly answered the invalid; and as she raised her head, I had an opportunity of seeing her beautiful eyes, which were of the deepest blue, and shaded by long, dark, silken lashes. Her complexion was fair and transparent; her nose and mouth most delicately formed; and there was an angelic sweetness of expression in her countenance, which I have never seen surpassed — seldom equalled. Disease had indeed weakened the fragile frame, but it had not marred the lovely visage, nor destroyed the graceful form. The young man strongly resembled his mother in features and expression; but his complexion and hair were dark, his forehead lofty and finely formed. His sister had the softest dark eyes imaginable; and her hair was of that beautiful glossy black that is so seldom seen, and which requires no art to give it lustre; her figure was fairy-like and graceful, and her small foot and hand were the very perfection of beauty. And

there they sat — the brother and sister — one on either side of their patient mother, watching, with all the touching earnestness of filial affection, for the slightest intimation of her wishes. They *did* love her, they *did* revere her; she was their joy, their treasure, their idol, and they thought not that she could die.

I was now again summoned to attend my good friend, Dr. D.; and as my visit was merely one of dismissal, I soon put an end to the subject of my own health, and told the physician how deeply interested I felt in the party who had just arrived. Dr. D. smiled in his usual benevolent way. He had known me from a child, and was aware that I was somewhat of an enthusiast and a castle-builder. How delighted I used to be when I was permitted to listen to that excellent man's discourse! — his language was so flowing and elegant, so illustrative of his superior tone of thought. Often have his patients forgotten their complaints while he dilated on Nature's beauties, or on the Creator's goodness. Never did he prescribe for their suffering bodies without directing their hearts and minds to Him who alone could bless the means used for their recovery. If all physicians resembled Dr. D., how many a dying pillow would be rendered smooth! how many a mourner would be comforted!

When I took my leave of the doctor, I did not quit the house. It was not an impertinent curiosity that influenced my stay, but an undefinable anxiety to know more of the group I had left in the parlor: so I reëntered the room as they quitted it, and tried to persuade myself that I had forgotten something which I ought to have said to my physician.

The young man assisted his mother to the private apartment, and then returned. We conversed together for half an hour, and were beginning to forget — at least *I* was — that our acquaintance was so recent, when the son was called to attend his parent. I watched them from the window; — how gently he assisted the poor sufferer into the carriage! then handed his sister in, and shutting the door, he bade the coachman drive slowly on; then returning into the house, he went to the doctor's room, and remained with him some time.

When the being we hold most dear is the sufferer, it requires no small degree of firmness to ask the *direct* question, "Is there any danger?" There is a breathless anxiety for the answer, which none but those who have experienced it can have an idea of. Hope and fear struggle for the mastery; and if the response be unfavorable, the questioner feels stupified, and even the meek spirit of the most resigned

Christian is bowed by grief too intense to be described.

When the affectionate son — for such he evidently was — reëntered the antechamber, his manly countenance was expressive of strong and painful emotion. As he drew on his gloves, he said "No hope! no hope!" and a deep sigh followed the involuntary exclamation. My heart bled for him: I, too, had lost an adored mother; I knew what it was to be a mourner. But I could not speak — sympathy is often silent: I held out my hand to him; he grasped it with the frankness of an old friend. Sorrow frequently prepares the way for friendship; it did in this instance. Three months after this our first meeting, the brother and sister and I were assembled in a small, tastefully fitted-up drawing-room; but she for whom it had been decorated was no more! We were all three mourners, but we did not "sorrow as those who have no hope;" — we loved to talk of the departed, and we looked for a reunion with them in a "better land."

THE EVENING FIRE.

BY S. MULLEN.

The wintry blast howls fierce and loud,
  Wild whistling through the leafless wood ;
With surly haste, the heavy cloud
  Rolls darkly on, o'er field and flood :
The weary wight, whose lagging feet
  Have borne him far through mud and mire.
Now longs to find a pleasant seat
  Before some country evening fire.

When blasts of poverty assail,
  And, stripped of fortune and of friends,
You see the homeless orphan quail,
  As one by one each comfort ends ;
And chilly night comes darkly on,
  While cold and want awake desire,
Oh, kindly bid his fears begone,
  And cheer him by your evening fire !

From yonder coast behold the sea,
  Impetuous, dash wild waves on high,
When Boreas, with his blusterers free,
  Roams wildly o'er the frighted sky :

The sailor, — on the ocean tossed,
  The blinding storm yet raging higher,
By adverse winds unkindly crossed, —
  Would laugh before your evening fire.

The lonely prisoner, — long confined
  In dismal dungeon, damp and drear, —
Feels all that sickness of the mind
  Which darkens hope and feeds his fear;
When harshly sounds the grating key,
  And slow the turnkeys gruff retire,
How joyous would his feelings be
  To rest before his evening fire.

'Tis joyful, when the cares of day
  Are hushed to silence and repose,
To bid the wheel of labor stay,
  And see the screening shutters close!
And then to meet a knot of friends,
  While social joys each breast inspire;
And cark, and care, and sorrow ends
  Around the cheerful evening fire.

CELESTINA, A SPANISH STORY.

BY FLORIAN.

CELESTINA, in her seventeenth year, was the first beauty of Granada. She was an orphan, and the heiress of a large fortune; and lived under the guardianship of her uncle Alonzo, an old and avaricious man, who occupied his days in counting his ducats, and his nights in silencing the serenades with which his niece was each evening entertained. He designed for her his only son Henriquez, a notorious dunce. The beauty of Celestina was so great, that almost all the young cavaliers of Granada were in love with her; and as she was never to be seen except at mass, the church which she attended was crowded with young men. Among these, Don Pedro, a young man of twenty, and captain in a troop of horse, was preëminent. Handsome, gentle, witty, the eyes of all the ladies of Granada were attracted by him, while among them all he saw only Celestina; and she, who could not avoid perceiving this, felt herself gradually influenced by the dumb eloquence of his eyes, and could not help replying by soft glances.

Thus passed a month, when Don Pedro found means to convey a letter to his mistress, informing her of what she already well knew. As soon as she had read this epistle, the cruel Celestina sent it back to Don Pedro in great indignation. But she had a remarkably retentive memory, and did not forget a word of what she had read, and eight days afterwards was able to give a distinct reply to every paragraph. But Don Pedro had perseverance, and Celestina had charity, and at length consented to talk to him at her window, according to the Spanish fashion, where windows are of more service by night than by day, and are the old established meeting-places of impassioned lovers. There, when the street is deserted, the lover appears, gliding cautiously along, muffled in his cloak, and his faithful sword in his hand. He approaches the window, defended with strong bars on the outside and shutters within. But the shutters are gently unclosed, and the lovely Spaniard appears: her trembling voice awakes the low echoes of the night in a murmured inquiry if none is waiting beneath her window; her lover answers, vows are exchanged, and even kisses pass between the envious gratings. But the day is breaking — they must part: an hour is spent in breathing forth their passionate adieus; and

they separate, eaving unsaid a multitude of things most necessary to be imparted.

Celestina's window was at the back of the house, and looked upon a piece of waste ground, around which were a few poor ill-built houses belonging to the lowest class of people. Don Pedro's old nurse happened to live in a room immediately opposite to Celestina's window. This he determined to secure; he went to his nurse, and after blaming himself for having so long neglected her, he insisted on removing her to his own house. The poor woman, affected even to tears by the kindness of her foster-son, refused his offer at first; but, at length giving way, she left her old apartments to his care, and was installed at Don Pedro's house.

Never was king more happy at taking possession of a throne, than was Don Pedro when he found himself installed in the miserable apartment abandoned by his nurse. He spent the day in watching the movements of his mistress, and the night in conversing beneath her window; but this happiness was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of Henriquez, the intended husband of Celestina, who made his appearance bearing in his hand a declaration of love, written for him in Latin by his tutor.

That night an earnest consultation was held

at the window, and meantime the contract of marriage was in preparation, and the marriage-day was fixed. A flight to Portugal was determined on as the only means to avoid so direful a catastrophe, and it was settled that they should get married as soon as they should reach Lisbon, and make terms with her guardian afterwards. Celestina was to provide herself with a casket of jewels which had been left her by her mother; this was of considerable value, and on its proceeds they were to support themselves until their affairs were settled. Nothing was needed but the key of the grating, which Celestina undertook to procure. Eleven o'clock the next night was fixed for the escape. Pedro was to provide horses outside the gates, and was to meet Celestina at that hour, assist her in her descent, and fly with her to Portugal. Never was there a better-planned elopement.

Don Pedro employed all the next day in making preparations for his departure. Celestina arranged and rearranged her jewel-box twenty times over, and was particularly careful not to forget a beautiful emerald which her lover had presented to her. Celestina and her casket were quite ready by eight o'clock, and it was not quite ten when Pedro, who had sent his carriage forward, approached the rendezvous.

As he drew near, he heard a voice calling

for help, and perceived two men attcked by five bravos, who, armed with swords and bludgeons, were on the point of overpowering them. Pedro's natural bravery would not allow him to leave the weaker party undefended: he drew his sword and rushed to their assistance; he quickly wounded two of the assailants, and the others took to flight. What was his surprise in recognising in the men he had preserved no others than Don Alonzo and his son Henriquez! The young cavaliers of the town who were enamored of Celestina, and were aware that she was about to be married to Henriquez, had been base enough to hire assassins to destroy him; and, but for the bravery of Don Pedro, would have succeeded in their design. Pedro did his best to disembarrass himself from their acknowledgments, but Henriquez, who prided himself on having acquired politeness at Salamanca, insisted on carrying him home and keeping him there all night. Pedro was in despair, for the clock had already struck eleven. Alas! he did not even guess the extent of his misfortune

One of the bravos who ran from the fray, passed muffled up in his cloak beneath Celestina's window. It was a dark night; and the anxious girl, who had opened the grating, perceived him, and mistaking him for Pedro, called

gently to him, and full of joy and impatience handed him the casket. "Take these diamonds, Don Pedro," she said, "and hold them for me while I descend." The bravo, hearing these words, eagerly snatched the casket, and made off without speaking a word; and while Celestina was getting out, he had already fled to a distance. What was the terror and surprise of poor Celestina when she found herself alone in the street, and could nowhere perceive him whom she had mistaken for Don Pedro! Her first idea was that he had gone forward for fear of exciting suspicion by standing beneath the window, and she followed the way she supposed him to be gone, calling him softly as she hastened along. No answer was returned, and she was seized with terror. What should she do? Should she return to her uncle's house, or should she leave the city and endeavor to find the servants who were waiting for Don Pedro? She balanced these doubts in her mind, but could not determine. Still she walked onward: she soon became bewildered, and knew not where she was. Presently she met a man, and inquired of him if she was near the city gate. He pointed out the way to her. This gave her courage: she hastened onwards, and soon was beyond the walls of Granada, but she could not discover any one in waiting. She had no thought

of blaming or misdoubting her lover: she hoped each moment was bringing her nearer to him; and she pursued the highway, trembling at each bush, and calling on Don Pedro at every step. But the farther she went, the farther was she from the right track. She had left the city by the gate directly opposite to the road to Portugal.

Meantime, Don Pedro could not disengage himself from Henriquez and his father. They would not quit him, and absolutely forced him to enter the house with them; and Pedro, hoping that Celestina would hear of his arrival, reluctantly complied. Alonzo went directly to his niece's room, to tell her of the danger from which her intended husband had so fortunately escaped. He called, but received no answer: he entered, and was horrified when he beheld the open window. His cries soon brought the servants, and the alarm was given all over the house. Pedro, in despair, declared he would run to seek her; and Henriquez, thanking him for his friendly sympathy, prepared to accompany him. But Pedro avoided this by proposing that they should take different roads; and not doubting that Celestina had taken the road to Portugal, he offered to seek her in that direction, and proposed that Henriquez should pursue the opposite path.

The unhappy Celestina was on the road to the Alpuxaras, when she thought she heard the sound of horses' feet. Her first thought was that Don Pedro was seeking her, but her second was the fear of travellers or brigands; and, trembling with terror, she crept behind a bush by the road-side, from whence she beheld Henriquez and several attendants pass by. Dreading to fall once more into the power of Alonzo, she turned from the high road, and plunged into the surrounding wood. The Alpuxaras are a chain of mountains extending from Granada to the sea; they are inhabited only by shepherds and laborers. An arid and stony soil, a few chestnut-trees scattered here and there, torrents, and roaring waterfalls, and a few goats wandering among the summits of the mountains, were the objects beheld by Celestina in the first light of the morning. Worn out with grief and fatigue, and her feet wounded by the rough stones, she seated herself on a rock, beside which trickled a little rill. The silence of the place, — the wild country around her, — the sound of many waterfalls subdued by distance, and the murmur of the rill falling into the basin it had worn, all united to remind poor Celestina of her unhappy fate — abandoned in a desert by all the world. Her tears fell fast as she reflected on her situation, but she thought more of Don

Pedro. "It was not to him," thought she, "that I gave the diamonds. How was it that I could mistake him? Ah! why did not my heart warn me that I was wrong? I know he is seeking me; he weeps far away from me, and I shall die far away from him!"

Her mournful thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of a flute, and presently she heard a sweet but uncultivated voice singing a rustic air, in which the fleeting pleasures of love are deplored, and the inconstancy of a lover was complained of. Celestina rose to discover the musician, and at no great distance she discovered a young goatherd, sitting beneath a willow, watching with tearful eyes the water that flowed at his feet: he held a flute in his hand, and by his side lay a stick and a small bundle wrapped up in a goat-skin.

"You seem to be abandoned and cast off," said Celestina to the stranger: "take pity on one who, like yourself, is so also. Direct me, I beg of you, to some house or village among these mountains, where I may find, not repose, — that, alas! is impossible, — but food."

"Alas, madam!" replied the goatherd, "I would with pleasure conduct you myself to Gadara, which lies behind these rocks; but you would not desire me to return, if you knew that my mistress is to be married this day to my ri-

val. I am about to leave these mountains, never more to return; and I carry nothing with me but my flute, a suit of clothes in this bundle, and the remembrance of my lost happiness."

These words inspired Celestina with a new design. "My friend," said she, "you have no money, and you will need it. I have a few pieces of gold, which I will divide with you, if you will give me the dress in your bundle." The goatherd accepted her offer. Celestina gave him twelve ducats, and, after receiving directions as to the road to Gadara, took leave of the goatherd, and, retiring among the rocks, put on the dress she had purchased.

Thus equipped, she took the road to the village, and, entering the market-place, inquired of the peasants she found assembled there, if none of them wanted a farm-servant. They gathered round her, and looked at her with surprise: the young girls especially admired her beautiful fair hair, which flowed over her shoulders; her mild, sparkling eyes, modestly cast down; and her light, slender figure. Nobody could imagine where this beautiful young man could have come from. One supposed it was a great lord in disguise; another, that it was a prince who had fallen in love with a shepherdess; and the magistrate assured them that it

was Apollo, who had returned a second time to take care of their sheep.

Celestina, who had taken the name of Marcelio, was not long in finding a master; no other than the old alcade of the village, who was regarded as the most worthy man in all the country. This good farmer (for the alcades of the villages are not of higher rank) soon conceived a great friendship for Marcelio. Before a month had elapsed, he took him from the care of his flock, and put all his household under his charge; and Marcelio acquitted himself with such mildness and fidelity as to be beloved by both master and servants. At the end of six months, the alcade, who was more than eighty years old, left the whole care of his property to Marcelio; he even consulted him on the causes which came before him for his decision, and he had never made such just decrees as since he had been directed by Marcelio. Marcelio was the pattern and the delight of the village; his mildness, his grace, his wisdom, gained all hearts. "Behold," said the mothers to their sons, — "behold this handsome Marcelio: he is always with his master: he is unceasingly occupied in making his old age happy, and does not, like you, leave his work to run after the village girls."

Thus two years passed away. Celestina, whose thoughts were always occupied with Don Pedro, had secretly sent a shepherd, on whom she could rely, to make inquiries at Granada concerning her lover, Alonzo, and Henriquez. The shepherd reported that Alonzo was dead, that Henriquez was married, and that nothing had been heard of Don Pedro for two years. Celestina now lost all hope of ever seeing him again, and endeavored to accustom herself to her lot, and to find happiness in the peace and friendship she enjoyed in the village. The old alcade at length fell dangerously ill. Marcelio paid him all the attention of the most affectionate son, and the old man behaved like a grateful father, and at his death left all his property to his faithful Marcelio.

All the villagers mourned their alcade, and, after rendering him the funeral honors with more tears than pomp, they assembled to elect his successor. In Spain, certain villages possess the privilege of electing their alcades, — that is to say, the magistrate who judges all suits, takes cognizance of all crimes, causes the guilty to be taken into custody, examines them, and delivers them over to the superior jurisdiction, which generally confirms the sentence passed by the alcade,

The assembled villagers unanimously elected

him whom the old alcade had designed for his successor. The old men, followed by all the youngsters of the village, went in formal procession to carry the ensign of his dignity, a white wand, to Marcelio. Celestina accepted it; and, affected even to tears with this testimony of the affection of these honest people, she resolved to consecrate her life, formerly destined for love, to their happiness.

Leaving the new alcade busy with the cares of office, let us return to the unfortunate Pedro, whom we left galloping on the road to Portugal, and at each step increasing the distance from his beloved.

He reached Lisbon without obtaining any intelligence of Celestina. He retraced his steps, and made every possible research, and returned again to Lisbon with no better fortune. After six months of fruitless inquiry, he felt satisfied that Celestina had not returned to Granada, and he resolved to go to Seville, where he knew she had relations. He found, on his arrival, that they had just sailed in the Mexican fleet; and, doubting not that there he should recover his long-lost mistress in Mexico, he hastened on board the last vessel in the fleet, which was on the point of sailing. He arrived safely, discovered the relations of Celestina, but they knew nothing concerning her. He returned to Spain:

the vessel encountered a storm, and was wrecked on the coast of Granada. Don Pedro and some others of the passengers escaped, and, proceeding into the mountains in search of shelter, were led by chance or Cupid to Gadara.

Don Pedro and his companions went into the first inn they came to; and they were congratulating each other on their escape, when a dispute arose between one of the passengers and a soldier, concerning a casket which the soldier had saved and the passenger claimed as his property. Don Pedro, who endeavored to settle the quarrel, proposed that the passenger, in order to prove his claim, should state what the box contained; which was done, and the box opened to ascertain if what was said were true: but what was the surprise of Don Pedro when he recognized Celestina's jewels, and among them the emerald he had given her!

"How did you come by these jewels?" he demanded of the passenger, in a voice of fury.

"What is that to you?" replied the pretended owner, "it is enough that they belong to me;"—and so saying, he attempted to snatch them from Don Pedro, who repulsed him, and both drawing their swords, they fought, and after a few passes the passenger fell wounded. Don Pedro was seized and hurried to prison, and the master of the inn sent his

wife to fetch the curé to attend the dying man, while he himself ran with the casket to the alcade, and informed him of what had happened.

What was the surprise, the joy, the terror of Celestina, on recognizing her diamonds, and hearing that they had been challenged by the gentleman who was in custody! She went at once to the inn where the curé had already arrived; and the wounded man, who believed himself dying, affected by his exhortations, acknowledged to the alcade that, two years before, as he was passing at night through a street in Granada, a woman at a window gave him the casket, telling him to hold it while she came down; that he ran away with the jewels, and he begged pardon of God for the robbery. Celestina hastened to the prison: how her heart beat as she went! She quickened her steps: everything proved that it was Don Pedro whom she was about to behold, but she feared being recognized by him. She pulled her hat down over her eyes, muffled herself in her cloak, and, preceded by a turnkey who carried a light, she entered the dungeon.

She was scarcely at the foot of the stairs when she recognized Don Pedro. Joy almost took away her senses. She leaned against the wall; her head declined on her shoulder, and the tears flowed down her cheeks. By a great

effort she repressed her emotion, and forcing herself to speak boldly, she approached the prisoner. "Stranger," said she, in a feigned voice, and often pausing to take breath, "you have wounded your companion, it is feared to death. What have you to say to excuse such an action?" After speaking these words she could no longer support herself, but, sitting down on a stone, covered her face with her hands.

"Alcade," replied Don Pedro, "I have committed no crime; it was but an act of justice; but I desire death, for death alone can end the misfortunes of which that wretch was the first cause." He said no more, but the name of Celestina was heard upon his lips.

Celestina trembled when she heard him pronounce her name: she was no longer mistress of her transport; she rose, and was on the point of throwing herself into the arms of her lover, when the presence of the gaoler restrained her. She turned away her eyes, and, stifling her sobs, desired to be left alone with the prisoner. She was obeyed. Suffering her tears of joy to flow more freely, she now approached Don Pedro, and taking him by the hand, she said, in a voice interrupted by her sobs, "You still love her, who lives but for you?"

At that voice, at those words, Pedro raised his head, and scarcely dared to believe his eyes: "Oh, heaven, is it you? is it my Celestina, or an angel who takes her figure? Ah, it is thee!" cried he, pressing her in his arms, and bathing her with his tears: "it is my wife, my friend — all my misfortunes are ended."

And it was so. As the wounded man proved likely to recover, Celestina had power to restore Don Pedro to liberty, and, assembling all the villagers, she publicly declared her sex and her adventures, and resigned her office; and presenting Don Pedro to them as her intended husband, requested the curé to complete her happiness by uniting them. But now one of the old villagers stepped forth. "Oh, stranger," said he, "why will you take from us our alcade? his loss we cannot repair. Condescend to remain with us; be yourself our alcade, our master, our friend. In a great city, the cowardly and the wicked, who have the same rank, will think themselves your equals; — here, each virtuous inhabitant will look upon you as a father."

Pedro, whose wanderings had made him well inclined to rest, and who loved the people by whom his Celestina was so honored, consented. Two days after, the lovers were married, and never was a bridal feast celebrated more

blithely. Pedro paid one more visit to cities, and then bade adieu to them for ever. He visited Granada, and, after a tedious process, succeeded in recovering his wife's fortune from Henriquez: he then retired to Gadara, where he and Celestina lived long, well, and happily. They were mourned for by those who looked upon them with love and veneration, and their memory is revered to this day.

THE ARAB MAID.

BY L. E. L.

From the dark and sunless caverns
  Where earth's waters dwell;
By the palm-trees of the desert,
  Springeth forth a well.
Still the shadow of its birth-place
  Rests upon the wave,
Haunted with ancestral darkness,
  From its central cave.

Never does it know the sunshine,
  Dark it is and deep;
In its silent depths at noontide
  Do the planets sleep.
Round it lies the sculptured marble
  Of some ancient town,
Long since, with its towers and temples,
  To the dust gone down.

Yet it shareth with the present;
  For the winds that pass
Catch its freshness, and around it
  Grows the pleasant grass.

Over it the fragrant tamarind
  Sheds its early leaves;
And the pelican's white bosom
  From it life receives.

Not alone to the far planets,
  When the sun is bright,
Does it serve a clear, dark mirror,
  For their haunting light:
But a dream of human beauty
  Lingers on its tide;
Never yet were stars so lovely
  As the eyes beside.

Lovely is the Arab maiden,
  Leaning thoughtful there;
While the languid gale of evening
  Lifts not her black hair.
Purple is her broidered caftan;
  And the golden band
Tells she is a chieftain's daughter
  In that eastern land.

Scarcely has she left her childhood,
  Yet a deeper trace
Than our first and careless summers
  Is upon her face.
On that youthful cheek is paleness;
  For the heart's repose

Is disturbed by dreams and fancies
  That deny the rose.

Touched with tender melancholy
  Is the youth of love,
Haunted by unconscious knowledge
  Of its clouds above.
Doth her heart call up one image,
  Unavowed how dear?
For acknowledged hope too timid,
  Yet too fond for fear?

Will the stately dark-eyed warrior
  Bear her to his tent? —
Yet, with dreaming of her lover,
  What sad thoughts are blent!
When they fling the veil, rose-colored,
  O'er the parting bride;
Not alone does it hide blushes —
  It has tears to hide.

FEMALE DEVOTEDNESS.

EVENTS, which are sometimes to be found in the records of history, are not unfrequently as strange, as dark, and as tragical, as the most sombre fictions of romance. In the reign of Francis I. there served in the armies a gentleman of the island of Corsica, named Sampietro Bartelica; he was more known and esteemed for his valor than for his fortune, or the greatness of his family; he always manifested an attachment to France, and by his fidelity, displayed a striking contrast to the conduct of the Genoese, who were masters of Corsica, and who, without any apparent reason, were constantly revolting against the power of France. Sampietro was present at numerous sieges and engagements, in which he had always greatly distinguished himself. After the death of Francis I., in 1546, he returned to Corsica, where he married Vannina, daughter and only heiress of Francisco d'Ornano, whose family was one of the most noble and most ancient of the isle. His reputation alone procured him this important alliance. His popularity among his country-

men rendered him formidable to the Genoese, who resolved on his destruction. Giovanni Maria Spinola, the governor of the island, sent an order for him to repair, with his father-in-law, to the citadel of Bastia, where there is every reason to believe he would have been put to death, but for the powerful intercession of the King, Henry II. Sampietro entertained a grateful recollection of this service, and at the same time conceived a deadly hatred to the Genoese, with ardent thirst for vengeance. War having broke out in Italy, in 1551, he served in the campaign, and his assistance was found to be very valuable by Octavio Farnese, whom the King of France had taken under his protection. Sampietro then instigated the French Government to attempt the subjugation of Corsica. In this expedition he accompanied M. de Thermes, subsequently a Field Marshal, and was accompanied by some of the bravest of the islanders, who were attracted by his renown, and were discontented with the Genoese: the latter were driven from the principal town. Sampietro was recalled to France, and returned, in September, 1555, to Corsica, where he continued to carry on the war. The peace of Chateau Cambreses, in 1559, and the fatal death of Henry II., induced him to take other measures. He resolved

to proceed to Constantinople, to demand assistance there ; as the Genoese had confiscated all his property, and had set a price upon his head, he determined to drive them to extremities. During his absence on this mission, he was informed that Donna d'Ornana, his wife, whom he had left at Marseilles, had resolved to pass over to Genoa ; this intelligence nearly rendered him desperate : he sent Antonio de San Fiorenzo, one of his followers, to prevent her : she had been persuaded, that she might obtain her husband's pardon from the Republic, and her anxiety on this subject induced her to take this resolution. Sampietro, on his return, found his wife at Aix ; he accompanied her back to Marseilles, and coldly informed her that she must prepare to die. Vannina obeyed with calmness, and asked but one favor of her husband, that as no man but himself had ever laid hands on her, that she might have the same privilege at that moment, and might die by his hands ! It is said that Sampietro dropped on his knees, called her his love, asked her forgiveness, and then strangled her with a napkin. So atrocious an action greatly tarnished the reputation of Sampietro, who returned to Corsica in 1564, effected an insurrection throughout the whole island, although he had but five and twenty men

with him when he first arrived: he was successful in several actions, and took many cities and fortresses from the Genoese, who instigated Vitelli, one of his captains, to assassinate him, in the month of January, 1567.

UPON THY TRUTH RELYING.

BY T. H. BAYLY.

They say we are too young to love —
  Too wild to be united ;
In scorn they bid us both renounce
  The fond vows we have plighted.
They send thee forth to see the world,
  Thy love by absence trying ;
Then go ; for I can smile farewell —
  Upon thy truth relying.

I know that pleasure's hand will throw
  Her silken nets about thee ;
I know how lonesome I shall find
  The long, long days without thee.
But in thy letters there'll be joy ;
  The reading — the replying :
I'll kiss each word that's traced by thee —
  Upon thy truth relying.

When friends applaud thee, I'll sit by,
  In silent rapture gazing ;
And, oh ! how proud of being loved
  By her they have been praising !

But should detraction breathe thy name,
  The world's reproof defying,
I'll love thee — laud thee — trust thee still —
  Upon thy truth relying.

E'en those who smile to see us part
  Shall see us meet with wonder;
Such trials only make the heart
  That truly loves grow fonder.
Our sorrows past shall be our pride,
  When with each other vying,
Thou wilt confide in him, who lives
  Upon thy truth relying.

THOUGHTS.

* * * * * * "I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling was the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

WORDSWORTH.

THE day was closing in, and as I sat watching the scarcely moving foliage of a neighboring elm, my mind gradually sank into a state of luxurious repose, amounting to total unconsciousness of all the busy sights and sounds of earth.

It seemed to me as if I were seated by a calm, deep lake, surrounded by graceful and breezy shrubbery, and listening to most delicious music. The landscape differed from anything I had ever seen. Light seemed to be in everything, and to emanate from everything, like a glory. Yet I felt *at home;* and could I see a painting of it, I should know it as readily as the scenes of my childhood. And so it is with a multitude of thoughts that come suddenly into the soul, new as visitants from farthest Saturn,

yet familiar as a mother's voice. Whence do they come? Is Plato's suggestion something more than poetry? Have we indeed formerly lived in a luminous and shadowless world, where all things wear light as a garment? And are our bright and beautiful thoughts but casual glimpses of that former state? Are all our hopes and aspirations nothing but recollections? Is it to the fragments of *memory's* broken mirror we owe the thousand fantastic forms of grandeur, or of loveliness, which *fancy* calls her own?

And the gifted ones, who now and then blaze upon the world, and "darken nations when they die,"—do they differ from other mortals only in more cloudless reminiscences of their heavenly home?

Or are we living separate existences, at one and the same time? Are not our souls wandering in the spirit-land while our bodies are on earth? And when in slumber, or deep quietude of thought, we cast off "this mortal coil," do we not gather up imagies of reality, that seem to us like poetry? Might not the restless spirit of Byron have indeed learned of "archangels ruined" those potent words, which, like infernal magic, arouse every sleeping demon in the human heart?

Are dreams merely visits to our spirit-home;

and are we in sleep really talking with the souls of those whose voices we seem to hear?

As death approaches and earth recedes, do we not more clearly see that spiritual world, in which we have all along been living, though we knew it not? The dying man tells us of attendant angels hovering round him. Perchance it is no vision — they may have often been with him, but his inward eye was dim, and he saw them not. What is that mysterious expression, so holy and so strange, so beautiful yet so fearful, on the countenance of one whose soul has just departed? Is it the glorious light of attendant seraphs, the luminous shadow of which rests awhile on the countenance of the dead? Does infancy owe to this angel crowd its peculiar power to purify and bless?

REMEMBRANCE.

BY SOUTHEY.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
  As through the world he wends;
On every stage from youth to age
  Still discontent attends.
With heaviness he casts his eye
  Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
  The days that are no more.

To school a little exile goes,
  Torn from his mother's arms,—
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
  When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemned to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
  And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours,
  Before his wished return.
From hard control and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
  In thought he loves to roam;
And tears will struggle in his eye

While he remembers with a sigh
  The comforts of his home.

Youth comes ; the toils and cares of life
  Torment the restless mind ;
Where shall the tired and harassed heart
  Its consolation find ?
Then is not youth, as fancy tells,
  Life's summer prime of joy ?
Ah no ! for hopes too long delayed,
And feelings blasted or betrayed,
  The fabled bliss destroy ;
And youth remembers with a sigh
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
  And other thoughts come on ;
But with the baseless hopes of Youth
  Its generous warmth is gone ;
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
  The dull realities of truth ;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering with an envious sigh
  The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,

With feeble step and slow ;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

THE END.